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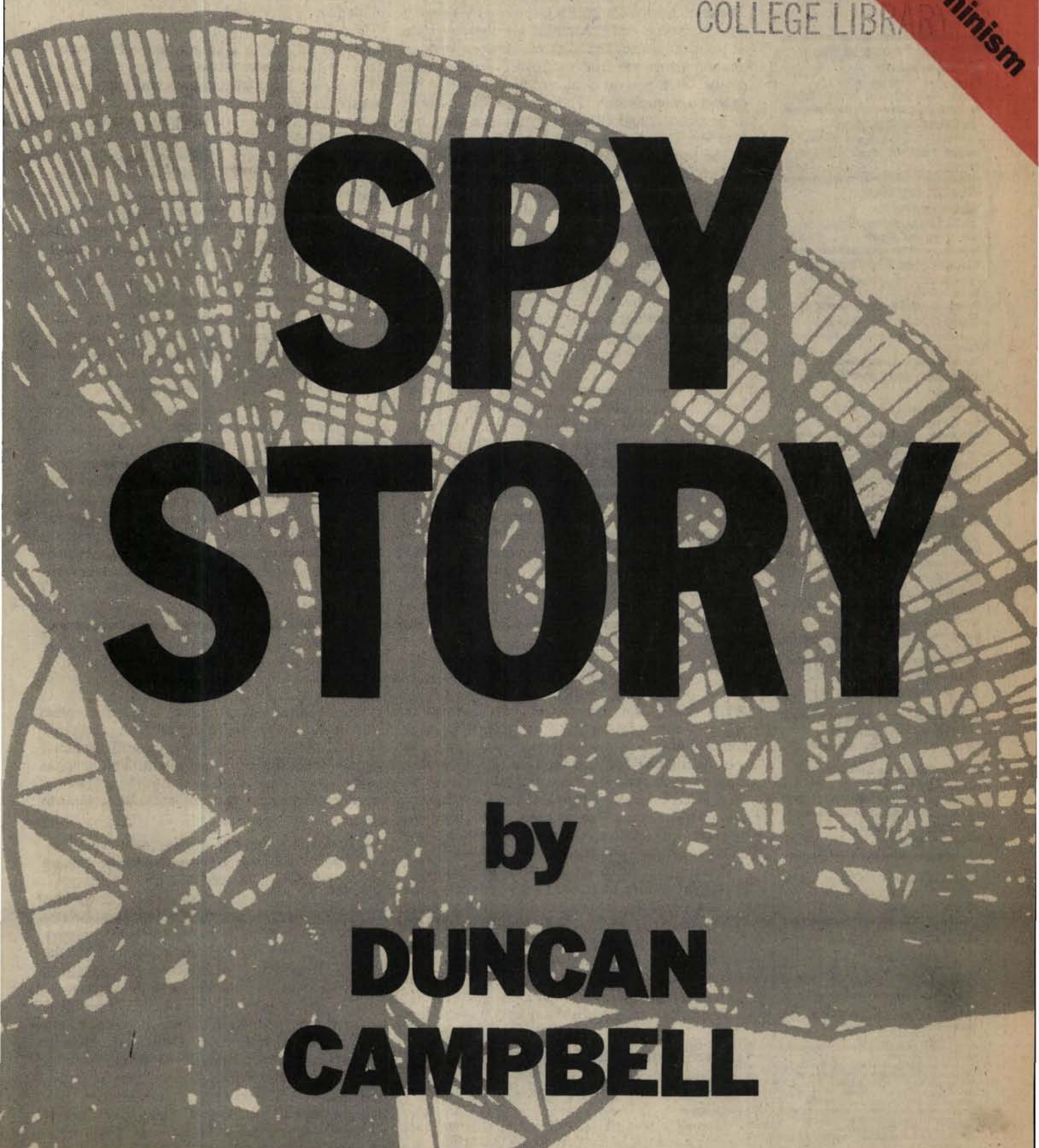

SPY STORY

by

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

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NEW STATESMAN Vol 104 No 2679 23 July 1982

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Met on the run

AS LEADER of the 'law and order' party, Mrs Thatcher has had a bad ten days. The London park bombings have reminded her that her style of politics has not the slightest hope of making any impact on the Irish problem. The hard men of the IRA are quite as untouched as she by reason or compassion. They abandoned any faith in persuasion and chose confrontation long before Mrs Thatcher became Prime Minister.

The bombings come at the end of an equally bad stretch for the Metropolitan Police. Undetected bomb squads are at large again in London. Every other day the Prime Minister or the Home Secretary seems to have been making statements about some wholly inadequate aspect of police security at Buckingham Palace. It has been made worse for them by the fact that the press and large sections of the Tory party have shown unconcealed and unpleasant prejudice against male homosexuality in commenting on the affair of the Queen's personal bodyguard.

It is a comment on the way this country runs that it has taken a man to break into the Queen's bedroom to make politicians, the press and public opinion accept the fact that the Metropolitan Police is in chronic need of reform. A never ending stream of cases of police corruption, of racist attitudes and actions, of fabricated evidence, of harassment of youths (black and white), of inadequately authorised and incompetently planned raids (such as the one that started the Brixton riots last summer) – none of this led the political establishment to the conclusion that the Met was badly administered, badly led and inadequately accountable.

Yet the revelations that a man got up a drain pipe and sat on the Queen's bed led at once to calls for the immediate resignation of Sir David McNee, for thoroughgoing reform, and even for poor Willie Whitelaw's political head. It was hard to take the act of *lèse majesté* quite as seriously as we were told we should, though by any standards it must have been an unpleasant experience for the Queen. But she can reflect that her brief encounter with Mr Fagan achieved in a few minutes a movement for police reform, where others fought without effect for decades. Overnight, criticism of the Met became obvious and unradical.

For the really damaging charge against the Met is not its corruption and bias. These are symptoms. The real problem is that it is badly led, badly managed and riddled with inefficiency. As an organisation it lacks effective internal communications. Its discipline is poor. Its attitude is inward looking. It does not plan ahead for its role in a changing society. And, though constitutionally under the Home Secretary, it is in reality not responsible to any active political authority.

All of these fundamental weaknesses have been revealed in the Fagan case. But they were all well enough known before to anyone with open eyes and ears. Political and operational reform of the Met (and incidentally the abolition of the entirely separate City of London Police) must be a first concern of any radical government. □

Hospitals demand their fair deal

WHEN THE IRA bombs went off, two groups of public sector workers were working to protect and save life: the police and hospital workers. As soon as the news of the bomb casualties became known, nurses and ancillary staff left their picket lines to care for the injured. If the Government had provided the same pay system for hospital workers as for the police, there need have been no strike, and no pickets, in the first place.

Police pay is linked to average earnings. Last September police pay rose by 13 per cent. This September, if the Government applies the same rules, police pay will rise a further 10.3 per cent. Compare this with the latest offer to the hospital workers. After receiving six per cent last year they are being offered six per cent (7.5 per cent for nurses) this year.

The difference is not just a question of money. The most important difference is that the police have an agreed system of pay determination that removes them from the battleground of annual pay disputes with the government. The hospital workers are being asked to pay for Mrs. Thatcher's discredited monetarist policies; the police are not.

It is possible that the Government will eventually win the health service dispute by forcing the unions, as it has forced ASLEF, to surrender. But, if it has the remotest wish to settle this dispute honourably and prevent similar disputes in future, it will have to be by establishing a system of pay determination that, like the police's, is proof against arbitrary executive fiat. A comparability system would be unsatisfactory, for in the private sector many equivalent workers, mainly women, belong to no union and are paid disgraceful wages. Only some form of indexation to general pay levels would be both workable and fair. Until the government recognises that, its only strategy is confrontation. No-one should be surprised, or shocked, if health workers respond by striking – and find public support when they do. □

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Rick Rogers reports on

Where peace is a left-wing plot

THE BAN on CND activities in Devon schools – and a proposed plan to outlaw peace education – is part of a bid by local Tories to 'revive the flagging fortunes of the party in the county'. The decision was taken on 29 June, against the advice of Devon's chief education officer and was opposed by Labour and Liberal councillors.

The ban arose from a request by a CND group to hold meetings in Holsworthy school and community college in North Devon. The school governors passed the request to the Tory-controlled county education committee. But the governors' vice-chairwoman Honora Broad – a former Tory councillor – attached to the request a private letter to committee chairman Ted Pinney urging him to ban CND from all schools. The letter said: 'Our party's fortunes are at a low ebb in this part of the county and if this goes through it will be a left-wing victory.'

In May, 29 Tory Women's Advisory Committees in the West of England jointly produced a confidential report on nuclear defence and CND. They recommended that 'schools and colleges should not allow their premises to be used for CND meetings . . . nor should they allow political biased peace studies to be part of schools' curriculum.' The report was adopted by the national Tory Women's Conference in May as being in line with official party policy.

Just before the Devon ban, Education Minister Rhodes Boyson condemned peace studies as education for appeasement. But HM Inspectors of Schools have indicated that the subject is perfectly acceptable for teaching in school. The teachers' organisation, Peace Education Network (PEN), is to write to the Inspectorate and to all chief education officers urging the development of proper peace education programmes and an end to the subject being used as 'a political football'.

Peace education covers much more than disarmament. It looks at the causes of all forms of conflict and violence, searches for alternatives to violence and develops skills for implementing those alternatives. The greater freedom of schools to develop their own CSE and GCE exam syllabuses has fuelled the steady growth of peace options under numerous titles, including world studies, political education, integrated or general studies, and history and religious courses. Of over 18,000 syllabus options, several hundred have now been adapted for peace education. This summer, 4,000 candidates sat the Joint Matriculation Board's integrated humanities exam, with its peace option. Both JMB and the Associated Exam Board offer GCE O and A level options in peace.

But the greatest growth has come in CSE school-operated mode 3 schemes. In addition, some schools such as Groby in Leicester and the independent Atlantic College have devised full-scale syllabuses in peace education for general use. Up to 600 schools in 30 local authorities, including Devon, teach the Schools Council peace-based World Studies scheme.

A major UNESCO survey of peace teaching in UK schools will be published in September. It has looked at 100 schools in Strathclyde, Birmingham, London and SE England. The survey shows much greater activity than anticipated but inadequate training facilities to meet the demand for peace teaching expertise. Five universities now support research and teaching centres to develop peace education in schools and colleges – Kent, Sussex, Bradford, Lancaster and London. A new EEC-funded teacher training centre at York will open in September. The Open University is to offer a peace course from 1984. □

Rob Rohrer on the Toxteth re-trial

Change of venue

THE RE-TRIAL of Kenneth Anderson, the Toxteth man near-fatally wounded by a Merseyside police sharpshooter, firing ferret CS gas cartridges, has been moved from Liverpool crown court to a small market town in North Wales. But public discussion of the reasons for this change of venue, suggested by one High Court judge and ordered by another, has been stifled by an array of contempt of court orders.

Five banning orders – which postpone the reporting of certain matters heard in open court – were made at Anderson's original trial in Liverpool when Mrs Justice Heilbron exercised her powers under the new and contentious Contempt of Court Act.

The use of this sort of order aroused controversy recently when an attempt was made to use it as a blanket ban on reporting the trials of Rampton nurses accused of ill-treating patients. This failed, and the Attorney General is known to be concerned about such a broad use of the orders. In the Anderson case the orders – notable more for their brevity than their clarity – are more specific in their effect.

The final decision to move the trial off-circuit, an unusual step, was taken last week by Mr Justice Cantley, at a hearing lasting less than 15 minutes. The same judge will preside at Anderson's trial in October, which will now take place in Mold before a jury picked from a predominantly rural community. Anderson is an unemployed West Indian who has lived for some years in Liverpool 8. He was charged with petrol bomb offences last year, three months after he had been shot by a police marksman during the Toxteth disturbances. A Ferret CS gas cartridge, fired in defiance of a manufacturer's warning, gouged an enormous wound in Anderson's groin, causing him to lose eight pints of blood. During his five week trial the defence council argued that police witnesses had seen someone wearing camouflage trousers, whereas Anderson's clothing included a pair of heavily blood-stained blue jeans.

The jury were unable to agree a verdict and were discharged. Mrs Justice Heilbron then discussed a re-trial with leading counsel and it was she who instigated the move to change the trial venue. The contempt orders restrict the reporting of this discussion. She did say, however: 'Now, in view of those matters and of the emerging importance of this trial it occurs to me that the re-trial should not take place in Liverpool, and that the venue should be at some distance . . . I must confess that if I had known of some of the ramifications of this case, which only emerged during the trial, I would myself have taken this course'.

The importance of the trial, and its 'ramifications', centres on the police use of the Ferret cartridges and the defence allegation that there had been an extensive cover-up over the question of a direct shot as against a ricochet (see *NS* 18 June 1982). But until now a trial's importance has not been a crucial issue in deciding where a person should be tried.

For Anderson, the move to Mold will effectively deny him trial by his peers. One other Toxteth 'riot' case was switched to Mold. Two Merseyside police officers, charged with causing the death of David Moore, the young, crippled man crushed beneath a police van – were found not guilty at Mold Crown Court earlier this year. □

Martin Howell on a coroner's court

Faulty record on Rose's death

THE DECISION that there is 'insufficient evidence' to prosecute any police officers for the unlawful killing of Winston Rose, a mentally disturbed West Indian, may itself be based on insufficient evidence. It has now been revealed that the tape recording of the inquest was 'of very poor quality and extremely difficult to decipher', and that no shorthand notes were taken during the inquest.

Winston Rose, 27, died in the back of a police van after a struggle near his home in Leytonstone a year ago. The inquest jury returned a verdict of unlawful killing in October. But when the Winston Rose Action Committee wrote to the coroner asking for a transcript of the inquest last March, coroner Dr Harold Price told them 'the tape recorder used was of inferior technical standard and the microphone used failed to pick up sound adequately in the large council chamber'. Unknown to Dr Price, the shorthand writer had relied on the tape-recording.

As a consequence, no written record of the evidence of the witnesses or their cross-examination is available.

A spokesman for the Director of Public Prosecutions said that 'the decision not to prosecute was taken before the inquest'. After the result, the DPP called in the papers again and was 'satisfied with the transcript we were given'. Dr Price had had to borrow notes from the Rose family's lawyer Gareth Peirce in order to fill in gaps in the tape recording. □

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Duncan Campbell tells how CND stopped Hard Rock

Armageddon postponed

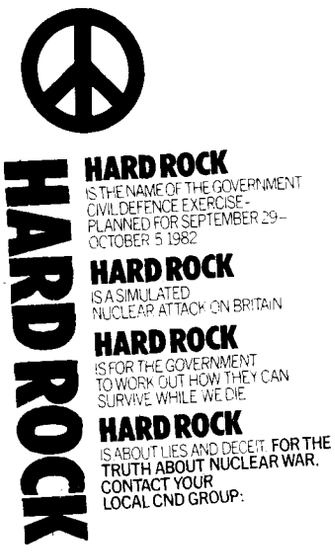
AN ALL-OUT nuclear battle between NATO and the Warsaw Pact, scheduled to start on 2 October, was postponed last week by the Home Office. Fifty nuclear targets all over Britain have, for the time being, escaped devastation. That, at least, was the plan contained in the official scenario for the civil defence exercise Operation *Hard Rock*, which had been due to start on 29 September.

But only 27 of the 54 county or Regional authorities who were asked to play were seriously interested in doing so. Twenty authorities, supporting the nuclear-free zone' movement, had refused any participation. Another seven only agreed to play 'on the basis of very limited participation'.

Meanwhile, the Home Office, which has been planning the exercise over the last fourteen months, has been training, instructing and preparing senior civil servants, who would be the Principal Officers in regional wartime governments, operating from scattered bunkers. The planning, carried out in conjunction with the Army Headquarters of UK Land Forces, had gone so far as to construct elaborate, simulated nightly radio broadcasts, designed for transmission during the final two weeks before the war began. The planning also contained a detailed list of more than 130 British targets, which would be 'attacked' with conventional and nuclear weapons, after war 'broke out' in the early hours of a September morning.

Last week, Mr Whitelaw vowed that the 'devoted effort' put into drawing up the *Hard Rock* plans 'will not be wasted'. 'We can be sure that the experience gained will be put to good use when the exercise is held at a later date', he told a meeting of the Association of Civil Defence and Emergency Planning Officers in York. He proposes to change the 1974 Civil Defence regulations in order to compel councils to do what the Home Office wants.

Any change in the Civil Defence regulations will have to be approved by Parliament. Whatever new regulations are ultimately proposed to coerce the unwilling authorities, they will suffer from the fundamental weakness that the government is not actually willing to create any substantial (and costly) civil defence programme. Civil defence resources are so scanty, as officials will privately admit, that they could only deal with conventional bombing. Whatever new regulations Whitelaw proposes, it will be hard to use them to make local authorities play war games seriously in which (as was expected to happen in *Hard Rock*), they are forced to assume that arriving nuclear weapons explode almost harmlessly on remote Welsh mountaintops and Scottish Highland beauty resorts, in order to avoid putting civil defence plans to a 'realistic' test. □


HARD ROCK
HARD ROCK
IS THE NAME OF THE GOVERNMENT CIVIL DEFENCE EXERCISE - PLANNED FOR SEPTEMBER 29 – OCTOBER 5 1982
HARD ROCK
IS A SIMULATED NUCLEAR ATTACK ON BRITAIN
HARD ROCK
IS FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO WORK OUT HOW THEY CAN SURVIVE WHILE WE DIE
HARD ROCK
IS ABOUT LIES AND DECEIT. FOR THE TRUTH ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR. CONTACT YOUR LOCAL CND GROUP:

Mark Redhead from Hillingdon

Minorities not represented

REPRESENTATIVES OF ethnic minorities have been refused membership of the police liaison committee which is being established by the west London Borough of Hillingdon.

Last week, the council's policy committee rejected a request from Hillingdon Community Relations Council for representation on the liaison committee, although Home Office guidelines specifically recommend that the committees should include representatives from CRCs and other community organisations. So did the Scarman Report, which urged the establishment of liaison committees in the first place.

Tory council leader John Watts told the policy committee: 'I take what may be a slightly old-fashioned view that it is the role of the elected members of this council to represent the community'.

Mr Watts also opposed other community representatives sitting on the committee in case it became 'a talking shop with the intention of some members to slang the police.' Housing chairman Cllr Terry Dicks, who once sent a homeless Asian family to the Foreign Office in a taxi, added that many people were not sure whether the findings of the Scarman Report about the police were right.

A 'sad and disappointed' Mr Charan Rai, the borough's senior Community Relations Officer, said after the decision 'If they are going to discuss things just among themselves it is not going to be a very useful exercise'.

Frequent accusations of racism have been levelled at Hillingdon Council. But the House of Lords recently put an end to an investigation of the Council by the Commission for Racial Equality on the grounds that the terms of the investigation were too broad. □

Keith Lomax reprots from Leeds

Batton rounds

A ROW over plastic bullets which came into the hands of West Yorkshire Police has taken a new turn following allegations that the Chief Constable has misled the county Police Committee as to how they were procured.

Unknown to the elected members of the committee, 500 plastic bullets had been in the possession of the force since last summer, following riots in July. When their existence became public there was uproar and a lengthy debate in the committee last month where many councillors opposed the bullets.

It was stated they had been provided by the Home Office to West Yorkshire police without any request for them, yet they'd been accepted, and eventually paid for, without reference to the Police Committee.

A motion was passed calling on the Home Office to remove the bullets without delay.

But time passed, and the bullets are still with the police, which led to a new twist in the tale. The local radical weekly newspaper *Leeds Other Paper* last week claimed the bullets were never supplied by the Home Office in the first place, so they could hardly be sent back there.

A Home Office spokesman told the paper the supply of plastic bullets, or any other equipment for police forces, is not their concern. He denied the Home Office was responsible for their supply to West Yorkshire Police last summer. 'It's up to the chief officer to decide what equipment he needs. That's the position,' said the Home Office. 'The police force provides baton rounds themselves.'

This flies in the face of assumptions that were made at the June meeting of the Police Committee; assumptions that went unchallenged and uncorrected by Chief Constable Ronald Gregory. Mr Gregory did, however, make no secret of his feelings in favour of having such equipment for his force. He also said they had accepted delivery of a water cannon – but returned it as it was a death trap for the police officers inside it.

At the full County Council meeting last week *Leeds Other Paper*'s claims were raised and the Chief Constable has been asked to explain just who was responsible for ordering the bullets, and where they came from. A full report from Ronald Gregory is expected at the next Police Committee meeting later this month. □

Michael Pilsworth on party political broadcasts

Carve-up time

NEXT WEEK WILL mark the beginning of the end of the system under which the existing main political parties carve up the air-time available for party political broadcasts. On July 27 the Committee on Party Political Broadcasting will meet to consider proposals put up by the BBC and the IBA jointly, which if accepted would give the Liberal-SDP Alliance almost as much television and radio coverage at the next election as the Labour Party and the Tories.

The Committee is a semi-official body, with no statutory status. It is the place where twice a year the existing parties decide how party political and election broadcasts will be shared.

Election broadcasts in recent years have been allocated on the basis of the number of votes cast for a given party at the previous General Election. If the *existing* rules were applied to the SDP at the next election they would get one 5 minute TV broadcast (allocated to each party fielding at least 50 candidates), and perhaps less than 1% of television news coverage. This is because the party did not exist at the last General Election: by-elections until now have not counted. Under the present rules, the SDP would be treated for air-time like the National Front.

When the Committee met last year, the SDP demanded equal time with the main parties. The broadcasters have since accepted that the rules will have to be changed. They have proposed that the split at the next General Election should be 4 Liberal-SDP broadcasts for every five Tory and Labour. This would entitle the Alliance 28% of the news coverage.

As a result, the main parties are likely to reject the broadcasters' proposals at next week's meeting. The SDP, for its part, will almost certainly use the occasion to launch an attack on the status of the Committee of Party Political Broadcasting. Close examination of the BBC's Charter and the IBA's Broadcasting Act make it clear that the main political parties and the Committee are on weak ground. □

Issue numbers

We wrongly printed the issue number for 11 June as 2672. Subsequent issue numbers should therefore be: 18 June, 2674; 25 June, 2675; 2 July, 2676; 9 July, 2677.

Our apologies for the mistake.

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PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Come back 1963, all is forgiven

HAROLD WILSON had many faults when he led the Labour Party. Failing to make the most of Tory embarrassment was not, however, one of them. When the Profumo scandal erupted nineteen years ago, Mr Wilson (as he then was) would go to extravagant lengths to say he did not seek party capital from it; and he went to even greater lengths to make sure nobody believed him.

Mr Wilson had a number of things going for him. Mr Macmillan (as he still is) was tired and ill. The Tory party was at war with itself. The Labour Party was riding high in the opinion polls and by-elections.

Contrast those nostalgic times with the Labour Party today, again in opposition, again confronting a Tory government wracked by security scandals, one with sexual overtones. Now it is Labour that is seen to be divided, with the party doing badly in the polls, and a whispering campaign being mounted among MPs against the party leader.

The contrast is even more striking when the economic condition of Britain today is compared with 1963. Then the economy was growing at five per cent a year, unemployment was less than half a million and inflation a mere two per cent. Yet the Tories had no effective rejoinder to the charge that they were presiding over a stagnant economy. Today it ought to be simple for the Labour Party to persuade voters that it can do better than the present Government. But where Labour succeeded nineteen years ago, it is failing today.

THERE ARE some secondary – though still significant – reasons for this. One is that Mr Wilson in 1963 did not bear the cross of Mr Wilson's record from 1964 to 1970 or 1974 to 1976. Voters and Labour Party members still believed that an incoming Labour government would do what it said it would do.

Another reason is that Mr Foot lacks the temperament to go for his enemy's jugular when his enemy is down. He is too nice to hand out the kind of rough treatment that, say, Roy Hattersley did to William Whitelaw when the unfortunate Home Secretary first came to the House of Commons last week to report on security arrangements at Buckingham Palace.

These reasons do not, however, explain fully the central paradox of Mr Foot's position – that objectively he should be more strongly placed than Hugh Gaitskell, Harold Wilson or James Callaghan to assert his authority over the party; while subjectively, almost all observers deride him as a feeble leader, tossed around by events.

I argued last week that Mr Foot is able to defeat his critics on the far left whenever he really wants to. Yet Mr Foot's public performance on almost any issue which arouses strong, divided feelings within the party is uncertain and hesitant. His handling of the Aslef rail strike is a notable example. He has been roasted in the Commons in his exchanges with the Prime Minister. He has been roasted by the press – even by newspapers such as the *Daily Mirror* which are normally sympathetic to him. He has had flak from the shadow cabinet: at its meeting last week most members described his apparently pro-Aslef speech to the Durham miners' gala as inept and ill-judged.

On the other hand, Mr Foot's behind-the-scenes attempts to help resolve the rail dispute display a depth of concern and understanding that neither his friends nor his critics have had a chance to appreciate. Together with Albert Booth, Labour's shadow transport minister, Mr Foot held secret talks both with Sir Peter Parker and with Ray Buckton to bring the sides together.

Somehow Mr Foot is unable to translate his private talents, and his genuine concern to reconcile differences, into his public persona.

Sir Peter Parker made the first move. Late on the morning of 2 June he telephoned Mr Booth and invited him to lunch that day at the Charing Cross Hotel. As a result of that lunch, Mr Booth chaired a meeting at the TUC's Congress House the following Monday, 7 June, to see if anything could be done to settle BR's disputes with the NUR and Aslef. Meanwhile, Mr Booth had persuaded Parker to withdraw the notices to close down a number of railway workshops.

Talks following the Congress House meeting did not make much progress, so once again Parker tried to enlist the help of the Labour leadership to act as a go-between. On 15 June Parker visited Mr Foot and Mr Booth at the Commons, and argued in plaintive tones for Mr Foot to persuade Aslef to agree to flexible rostering – so that BR could get the money it needed from the government to go ahead with its investment plans.

Mr Foot said he didn't hold out much hope of Aslef agreeing, as Parker was offering nothing new. But Mr Foot agreed to talk to Mr Buckton, and did so at some length the following day. Other meetings between Mr Foot and the railway union leaders took place in the following weeks. Then, after the strike began, Pat Lowry, chairman of the conciliation service, Acas, also enlisted the help of Mr Foot and Mr Booth to try and keep a short-lived Acas initiative in play.

Finally, last week, the evening before Parker announced his intention to close the rail network down, Mr Foot and Mr Booth visited him to try and persuade him not to. Parker listened to their case, but rejected it.

IT WOULD be an exaggeration to say that Michael Foot's and Albert Booth's attempts to help solve the rail dispute were triumphant, although at two stages they helped to keep talks going a little longer than they might have done. The point, rather, is that the Labour leadership has a far more creditable record than Sir Peter Parker, Ray Buckton or Margaret Thatcher are willing to concede. Had Mr Foot been Prime Minister, with executive power at his disposal, the rail strike would almost certainly have been averted.

Indeed, the striking thing about Mr Foot's handling of the rail dispute is that his private actions, if known, would attract far more praise than his public actions have done. This is, to say the least, unusual in a politician. Most politicians – like Harold Wilson, to pluck a name at random – are far more adept at polishing up their public image than at actually getting things done behind the scenes. Somehow Mr Foot is unable to translate his private talents, and his genuine concern to reconcile differences, into his public persona – or even his semi-public persona: he is uncomfortable chairing shadow cabinet meetings, for example, and does it badly.

So the public image that gains credibility is of a man who does not fully know his own mind, nor is properly master in his own house. Mr Foot himself is partly (though not wholly) responsible for this reputation, and for his appallingly low standing among Labour voters, most of whom – according to the latest Gallup and MORI figures – think he is doing a poor job as leader. It is difficult to tell from what Mr Foot says what exactly an incoming Labour Government will do. Will it have an incomes policy, or not? Will it get rid of American nuclear bases in Britain, or not? Will it pull Britain out of the Common Market without a referendum, or not? Will it nationalise the banks – as the Home Policy Committee decided last week it should – or not?

On these issues Mr Foot's public utterances are ambiguous and opaque. In private he has a better understanding of the problems and pitfalls than he makes out in public. But it's his public persona that matters. At this autumn's party conference he will have possibly his last chance to reveal those qualities that, until now, he has kept too securely hidden. If he succeeds, he could still become Britain's next Prime Minister. But if he fails then the whispering 'Foot must go' campaign among disgruntled Labour MPs could grow into a deafening roar. □

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Secrecy for its own sake

In the light of the latest spy case, DUNCAN CAMPBELL looks back at GCHQ's lack of any accountability

LAST WEEK'S ARREST of a former Russian language intelligence specialist is potentially the most serious breach of security to have been discovered at Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), the Cheltenham-based eavesdropping agency. It is however at least GCHQ's seventh such case since the war. The facade of secrecy and the mystique surrounding GCHQ are now truly cracked. If the allegations against Geoffrey Prime and some of the suggestions made off-the-record by the Prime Minister's Press Secretary last week are true, then there have been only seven years in the last 37 when there has *not* been a Russian spy working inside GCHQ.

The gravity of the charges against Mr Geoffrey Prime under the Official Secrets Act (and it has to be stressed that they are not yet proven) reflects the fact that he had access to and daily knowledge of the critical core of GCHQ's efforts to break Russian codes, and to read and interpret their military and diplomatic signals. Mr Prime joined Britain's 'Sigint' – or signals intelligence – organisation about 1959, in the Royal Air Force. Later, he worked at Cheadle, a Sigint base in Staffordshire, where Soviet Air Force communications are monitored.

Latterly, he worked in the Joint Technical Language Service at Cheltenham, a shadowy organisation within GCHQ, which employs most of the intelligence agency's translations staff, and which also assists other intelligence organisations, including the Secret Service and the Ministry of Defence intelligence staff. A special section of GCHQ – 'J Division' – organises the interception of Russian signals at GCHQ. Linguists in JTLS not only provide translations for J Division (or transcriptions of intercepted telephone signals), but also advise on special ways of codebreaking.

Last week, the police accused Mr Prime of spying and passing on information for a period of 13 years from 1968 to 1981. If their allegation is true, three consequences follow:

- GCHQ's own work in some or all areas of Soviet code-breaking would have been nullified.
- United States intelligence information also involved in Soviet codebreaking could be jeopardised to the same extent, damaging the US intelligence connection which the British agencies so highly value.
- GCHQ might have effectively been 'turned round' to undermine western security, if the Russians could use the activities of a well-placed agent to plant false or deceptive information.

The fact that previous cases of espionage seriously affected GCHQ has not reached public attention, because it has, at all costs, been determined to preserve its mystique with the British press, public, parliament and – not least – the Treasury. It has seemed to many on the inside that it cared less about the possibility of providing fertile pastures for KGB recruiters than about public knowledge of the nature or scale of their activities.

There has been a remarkable record of offensive action by GCHQ to prevent public discussion of its affairs. Since 1958, there have been two major prosecutions under the Official Secrets Act (one the so-called ABC trial in which the author was a defendant), three rows over the D Notice system, one American journalist has been deported, two others have been banned from Britain, and a number of 'troublemakers' eased out of Cheltenham to protect GCHQ from public scrutiny.

After the wartime successes against German codes which emanated from its celebrated Bletchley Park base, GCHQ became a post-war institution of the greatest inscrutability. With intense solemnity, new recruits to the business of 'Sigint' are 'indoctrinated' into the rules of the game. Sigint is surrounded by many special and elaborate, but often quite useless security procedures.

The reality of GCHQ, however, is expressed by Mr Alex Lawrie, a Labour County Councillor in Gloucestershire, who was for 22 years a language specialist working for GCHQ until he spoke out of turn in public.

> The ritual of security is far more important than making sure it works . . . It's like believing in the dogma of a church. You cannot question the belief or challenge or question the procedures.

Mr Lawrie's case is instructive. Although a senior specialist in two languages (and a long term employee), he was warned shortly before he was due to retire that the establishment and its security force – 'R' Division – would not tolerate any further remarks of the kind he had made at a Fabian society meeting concerned with police accountability. He had then posed the rhetorical question: 'How many MPs, or even cabinet ministers, know how much money GCHQ really costs the taxpayer?' At a subsequent warning interview in late 1981, he was told that any repetition would have the 'direst consequences'. Two other 'offences' had also come to the notice of R Division, and threatened his future employment, he was told: as press officer of the Cheltenham Labour Party, he had issued a statement to the press reporting that the party supported Tony Benn in the Labour deputy leadership election; and, as a County Councillor, he had opposed an enquiry into unemployment in the Cheltenham area on the grounds that it would 'stigmatise' the unemployed. In the event, Mr Lawrie retired early.

There is also the evidence of Jock Kane, a former Radio Supervisor and also a long term GCHQ employee, who proved to be more honest than GCHQ could stand. He too resigned under duress. His account of a 'disgusting network of corruption, inefficiency, and security betrayal' within GCHQ was published in the *New Statesman* (16 May and 23 May 1980). Kane's allegations were substantial. They led to a top level security investigation by Sir James Waddell, which was blocked by the Cheltenham administration.

Kane's fundamental point was that the corruption and graft practiced widely at GCHQ's many subordinate listening stations in Britain and around the world was not merely dishonest and repugnant to many staff (who nevertheless unwillingly acquiesced), but represented precisely the sort of conduct which would open staff to the risk of recruitment by the Soviet KGB.

With Kane's assistance, the *New Statesman* and the *Daily Mirror* prepared a dossier for the anti-corruption Commissions in Hong Kong, which led to the conviction of a former Ministry of Defence land agent, Eric Garland, on 17 charges of corruption. But when we sent the Director of Public Prosecutions other parts of the dossier, alleging corrupt activities by the same official and by a former senior GCHQ officer, Frank Wilks, the dossier and supporting papers were sent to Hong Kong, though his attention was drawn to the fact that a statute of limitations prevented their prosecution in the colony.

The Soviets are known to have first had details about GCHQ in 1960, when two Americans defected from its US partner, the National Security Agency. Since then there have been at least five spy cases directly involving GCHQ.

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A major spy at the GCHQ listening station in Hong Kong, Chan Tak Fei (standing at back), was only caught by accident when a courier for his spy ring was searched by customs authorities.

● In 1961, a Chinese employee at GCHQ's Hong Kong listening station, Chan Tak Fei, was arrested as part of a major spy ring in the colony. He had been both memorising and removing secret documents and passing them to his communist Chinese controllers. Chan was never brought to trial. After a few months in prison, all the members of that spy ring were quietly sent back to Peking, to avoid fuss with China.

● In July 1963, a Sigint specialist in the Army Intelligence Corps, Corporal Brian Patchett, defected to East Germany from the GCHQ listening station at the Teufelsberg in Berlin. Patchett had worked in Sigint for 4 years, latterly monitoring East German and Russian radio signals from stations in Berlin and Birgelen, West Germany. His link with GCHQ, for which the Sigint units worked, was never revealed.

● In early 1962, another Sigint specialist started working for the Russians. RAF Sergeant Douglas Britten took money and over a period of 5 years worked for the Russians inside RAF Sigint bases at Pergamos in Cyprus and Digby in Lincolnshire. Both of these bases were of particular interest to the Russians, since they had the task of monitoring the radio signals of Soviet Air Force units. A former RAF technician, who worked for Britten in Cyprus has told the *New Statesman* how he was able to bring a spy camera, disguised as a cigarette case, into the base without any difficulty. He would then lean over his subordinates' shoulders and photograph the results of the monitoring as they wrote them down. Britten was arrested in 1968, and immediately accused of having spent three months previously recording secret information at RAF Digby for his Soviet controllers.

Sergeant Britten is still in jail, having been sentenced to 21 years' imprisonment.

● In 1973, two Taiwanese Chinese specialists at the Hong Kong listening post also defected to China. Large quantities of top secret and secret documents were known to be missing from the station at the time – but no action was taken to check the losses for six months.

● The sixth case of alleged espionage affecting GCHQ concerns a former senior official who worked at Cheltenham, and at bases in Cyprus, Hong Kong and Australia. The official, Mr Leslie Bennett, was accused of being a Soviet spy by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Security Service, for whom he worked until 1972. He was subsequently medically discharged from the service, and was later exonerated by Canada's Attorney General. In his case, as in every previous case, GCHQ's name was kept out of the public record in Britain.

Since Jock Kane first left to make his case against GCHQ more than 20 people from the organisation, both serving and retired, have been in touch with the *New Statesman* or with MPs to add further details, or confirmation. Several gave details of standing arrangements, officially agreed, to pay overtime on all normal hours worked; others referred to lax security arrangements from the 1950s to the present. Some had been disciplined or penalised for criticising lax security or improper activities. One official, who had identified corrupt activities to a local police force, was forced to return home on sick leave.

Many confirmed details of security lapses. One added that it would be possible to remove material 'by the boot-load' from GCHQ itself, since no checks were ever made on personnel leaving the establishment. Mr Lawrie, the former linguist, described how hutted office blocks used by the translation services were redecorated in the mid 70s, when staff lost a stream of personal belongings through pilferage. As the decorators were working at night, unsupervised, in rooms where vast quantities of top secret intelligence intercepts were stored, the affair was raised as a potentially serious breach of security.

Nothing was done, then or later; according to Lawrie, two successive letters from the R Division security staff merely suggested that they were 'not responsible for the security of personal property'.

During May 1980, when Jock Kane's allegations were raised in Parliament with Mrs Thatcher and Norman St John Stevas (Leader of the House), the response was complacent. 'I do not believe that there is widespread public concern over the allegations', St John Stevas then said, 'I have not read the *New Statesman* but . . . they are old allegations and they have been investigated'. Mrs Thatcher subsequently claimed that all the 'requisite improvements' in security had been made.

GCHQ's FEROCIOUS track record in keeping itself away from British public attention started in 1958, when two Oxford undergraduates – also Russian linguists, but doing their national service in Royal Navy listening stations – revealed parts of the organisation's activities in the University magazine, *Isis*. They received six months gaol apiece for the breach of the Official Secrets Act and of their 'indoctrination' vows.

The first of three public battles with the D Notice committee took place in 1968. The *Daily Express* revealed the work of GCHQ in intercepting and analysing commercial telegrams and telex messages. A second battle in 1973 brought in the IBA, which suppressed all mention of GCHQ from a Granada TV programme.

In May 1976, Mark Hosenball, an American journalist, and I wrote the first full account of GCHQ for *Time Out* magazine. Details of GCHQ's covert response to this report were learned only recently: we were followed and our phones were tapped for weeks; GCHQ, through its former Director and then Cabinet intelligence co-ordinator, Sir Leonard Hooper, demanded prosecution under the Official Secrets Act. In fact we had not broken the Act – even technically. Former Metropolitan Police Assistant Commissioner, Jock Wilson, told GCHQ that there was no further action police could take. Thus frustrated, the secret world sought punitive action by other means, and Hosenball was deported to the United States. Two other US journalists were subsequently banned from entry to Britain. ▶

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The ABC trial of 1978 centrally involved GCHQ. GCHQ representatives attended the trial, and when the chief witness, Colonel 'B', lost a series of important points, GCHQ wanted to substitute a new witness, 'Mr C', a Superintending Director at Cheltenham. At a critical unreported and *in camera* session of the court case, it won a ruling that the name of GCHQ's Cyprus listening stations should not be confirmed or discussed in open court. It deployed major legal fire-power before the judge during a secret session, including the Director of Public Prosecutions in person and the Attorney General's chief legal assistant.

The government claimed to the judge that the secret should be kept because the Greek Cypriot government would be embarrassed by the revelation. This was untrue; and the Acting Cyprus High Commissioner offered to come to court and say so. In any case, the identity of the listening station – 9 Signals Regiment at Ayios Nikolaos – had already been published.

But GCHQ and the Foreign Office – again in pursuit of the illusion of secrecy – warned the Cypriot government, through Britain's High Commissioner, that their representative should not give evidence in the case. The witness then had to withdraw under orders from his own government, and the court ruled in GCHQ's favour.

In 1980, whilst we had been investigating Kane's allegations in Hong Kong, GCHQ warned off a series of former and serving staff. GCHQ technicians tapped our phones and then warned off interviewees in advance. The Foreign Office later admitted that everyone concerned had been comprehensively tipped off, claiming this was because of 'obligations under the Official Secrets Act'.

GCHQ's independence of outside scrutiny has clearly now been dented. If the investigations which are eventually promised get anywhere they are likely to focus on the damage that could have been done by someone working in daily contact with intelligence material harvested from Russian communications.

Three serious areas of damage to GCHQ's efforts are implied in the current charges. Firstly, the costly, elaborate, and often chancy business of intercepting important Russian despatches could have been worthless. Secondly, the pooling of information and techniques between GCHQ and the US National Security Agency through the UKUSA treaty could have compromised American information as well. Thirdly, if the Russians did indeed have a long-term agent in place inside GCHQ, they could have used their detailed knowledge of GCHQ operations to feed in false and deceptive information. At the very least, they would have contingency plans, in a crisis when intelligence would be critical, to change their codes and cyphers. In intelligence jargon, Cheltenham would have become a 'negative asset' – or in other words, we would be safer off (and spend less) without it. No doubt the forthcoming Security Commission inquiry will examine these possibilities. But it will be unlikely to tell parliament or the public what defensive value the secretive, £400-£500 million a year agency has provided – or had provided – in the first place. □

NORTHERN IRELAND

Tainted witnesses

Tuesday's London bombings look like part of the IRA's response to a wave of RUC arrests, based on evidence from 'super-grasses'. EAMONN McCANN lists the cases

NEXT MONDAY 28 men whom the RUC believe to be the hard core of the paramilitary Ulster Volunteer Force in the Portadown area of Co. Armagh will appear in court in Belfast charged with a catalogue of crimes including murder, attempted murder, conspiracy to murder, armed robbery and membership of an illegal organisation. A number have made statements admitting the offences and will plead guilty. At least six will be strenuously protesting innocence: the only evidence against them will be a statement from another UVF man who has himself confessed to crimes including murder and who has been promised immunity from prosecution in return for his evidence.

The case is one of a number over the past eight months in which a succession of so-called super-grasses have turned their former associates over to the law. They have provided the RUC with what looks like a run of spectacular success: at the moment there are around 200 prisoners awaiting trial charged on the basis of super-grass evidence, more than 140 of them alleged members of the IRA or Irish National Liberation Army, the others mostly alleged UVF men. A further 16 people were arrested in Belfast last week by police acting on specific information. However, there is some indication that courts may be reluctant to accept super-grass evidence at face value.

The prosecution's star witness at the Preliminary Inquiry will be Clifford McKeown from Aghalee near Portadown. He was arrested last November after making a telephone call to the local RUC station from the home of a friend in Portadown. By some accounts he was drunk and in a highly emotional condition. He was taken to Castlereagh Interrogation Centre in Belfast where he made a nine-page statement followed by a 36-page account of alleged UVF activity in the area, and later signed a three-page addendum in which he is believed to have named three serving RUC officers as having been involved in local UVF activity. Within days, 27 people had been picked up and charged on the basis of these statements. The 27 did not include any of the RUC officers. A few were subsequently released and another handful arrested. In the end 28 were formally charged.

What has outraged a number of lawyers involved in defending those of the 27 who deny the charges is the nature of the crimes to which McKeown himself confessed and from which he now appears set to escape prosecution. One was the murder of 20-year-old Peadar Fagan who was shot dead while sitting in a parked car outside his home in the Catholic Kilwilkie housing estate in Lurgan shortly after midnight on 17 November last year. The killing was in retaliation for the IRA assassination of South Belfast MP Robert Bradford two days earlier.

It was thought by some that Mr Fagan had been singled out since his family was prominent in the Gaelic Athletic Association and a member of the local Clann Eireann Gaelic football team, which loyalist paramilitaries might have regarded as a Republican connection. However, UVF sources in the area say that McKeown and another man had set out in a hi-jacked Ford Capri to kill not Mr Fagan but a leading member of Sinn Fein who lives in the Churchill Park estate in Portadown.

McKeown, so the account goes, had claimed to know this man's address. It was proposed to burst into his home and shoot him dead. However, the pair was unable to locate its quarry, possibly because McKeown had earlier consumed a considerable amount of drink in a social club attached to Glenavon Football Club. It was then, so the UVF sources say, that, at McKeown's suggestion, the pair drove the six miles to Lurgan to kill any Catholic available. It is understood that McKeown claims to have been the driver of the Capri while the other man fired the shots. UVF sources are adamant that the reverse is true.

The following night McKeown was on his own admission one of two men who drew up on a motor-cycle at a filling station at Lisnadill, a few miles outside Portadown. When the attendant, Patrick O'Hare, a Catholic, turned away to reach for the pump, the pillion passenger pointed a gun at his head from a distance of about two feet and pulled the trigger. The gun jammed. Again, there is disagreement between the UVF sources and what McKeown is believed to have said in his statement as to whether he was the pillion passenger or the driver. There is no disagreement that he was there. In addition, McKeown has confessed to armed robbery, conspiracy to rob, membership of the UVF and so forth. The UVF sources estimate that the robberies McKeown was involved in netted upwards of £30,000.

IT IS the apparent lack of proportionality between the offences which McKeown had admitted and the alleged offences of some of those against whom he will be giving evidence which has angered defence lawyers. The most serious charge against one is receiving stolen money. Moreover, the McKeown case appears to fit a general pattern which lawyers and some clergy and opposition politicians in Northern Ireland believe amounts to a systematic bending of normal legal standards (assuming that the

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Pacemaker

RUC chief Sir Jack Herman: is any deal worth a conviction?

concept of normal law has any residual meaning in the North).

The most celebrated – if that is the right word – of McKeown's fellow super-grasses has been Kevin McGready, a Belfast Provo who decided to opt out in 1975 and emigrated to Holland. He returned to Belfast last January and presented himself at a police station announcing that he had found Jesus in Amsterdam and wanted to make a clean breast of a very formidable list of political crimes. Belfast rumour has it that he was physically ejected from the first station he tried by a busy desk sergeant who thought, reasonably enough, that he had a crank on his hands. McGready eventually found a detective who realised that he was indeed heaven-sent, and dictated a statement which ran to almost 100 foolscap pages.

As a result 43 people were arrested and charged and are now on remand awaiting trial. On 25 June at Belfast Crown Court McGready was sentenced to life after pleading guilty to 27 charges including three murders and four attempted murders. He had not sought immunity and made no deal, except presumably with his putative maker. Passing sentence, Lord Justice Gibson expressed retret that he was unable to be more lenient.

McKeown apart, the super-grasses who have been granted immunity include: Ardoyne IRA man Christopher Black, arrested last November, whose statements resulted in charges against 41 suspected Provisionals; Dungannon Provo Pat McGurk, arrested in February, whose statements form the basis of cases against eight Tyrone men; Jackie Goodman, Official IRA and INLA veteran from Belfast, and Armagh INLA activist John Patrick Grimley whose confessions in March led to the arrest of more than 30 people in Belfast, Derry and Co. Armagh; and Jim 'Bimbo' O'Rawe of Belfast who incriminated six west Belfast Republicans after 'breaking' during interrogation in Castlereagh in March.

RUC officers appear systematically to be offering prisoners who confess to very serious crimes their freedom in exchange for evidence against others – in the knowledge that any prisoner placed in that position has a very powerful motive indeed to incriminate as many people as possible on as impressive as list of charges as possible.

The fact that the RUC has felt frustrated by its inability to defeat political crime by ordinary procedures, and has hankered after some addition to its arsenal, was confirmed last December by Eldon Griffiths, parliamentary adviser to the Police Federation. On a visit to Belfast during which he attended the funeral of a RUC man killed by a Provo bomb, he referred to 'men who the police know have murdered and are capable of murdering again . . . and cannot be arrested because, due to intimidation of witnesses, there is no way in which a conviction could be obtained in our open courts'. Mr Griffith said that a 'majority' of members of the RUC wanted the reintroduction of internment. (He used the phrase 'selective internment' – in the context a meaningless qualification.)

While internment is still politically unacceptable, the super-grass operation may be the next 'best' thing. But the police and the DPP may be somewhat less confident after two recent cases. In early April, 44-year-old Special Branch Sergeant Thomas Charles McCormick was acquitted in Belfast on 23 of 27 'terrorist' charges following a 17-day trial dominated by the evidence of Tony O'Doherty, a 32-year-old man from Portglenone in Co. Antrim who admitted in court that he had been a long-time RUC informer. O'Doherty gave evidence of involvement with McCormick in a bizarre chain of crime including the murder of another RUC sergeant, Joseph Campbell, in Cushendall in Co. Antrim in February 1977. Campbell was shot dead outside the village police station, O'Doherty claimed, because he had become suspicious of McCormick's activities. Acquitting McCormick of all charges on which there was no independent corroboration of O'Doherty's evidence, Mr Justice Murray said: 'O'Doherty has to be treated as an accomplice and it is dangerous to convict McCormick on all the offences on the evidence of O'Doherty alone'.

Cynics in these matters, of whom there are more than a few in the North, have not been slow to point out that McCormick was, after all, a member of the RUC. The courts may well take a different attitude in different circumstances. Even so, in paramilitary circles Sergeant McCormick's beating the rap on 23 counts was one of the most popular achievements by an RUC officer in recent years.

There is always the possibility, too, that the super-grasses, passing the days in their necessarily lonely cells, might find their thoughts turning unbidden to the essentially mortal nature of the human condition. On 14 May the six Ballymurphy men charged on the basis of Jim 'Bimbo' O'Rawe's statements were released at Belfast Court after Bimbo had decided that he'd never really meant a word of it.

In fact, the only person thus far actually convicted and sentenced as a result of this welter of super-grassing is the born-again Kevin McGready. And meanwhile three RUC men named by McKeown as having colluded with the UVF in his area are still on duty.

The UVF in Portadown claims that McKeown's mention of RUC collusion with the organisation is very much the tip of an ice-berg. 'If our people go down everything will come out', says one well-placed source. 'We will pull an awful lot with us. There's some very high up will be very embarassed before all this is over.' □

WISDOM RELIGION

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INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Dissidents will not be tolerated

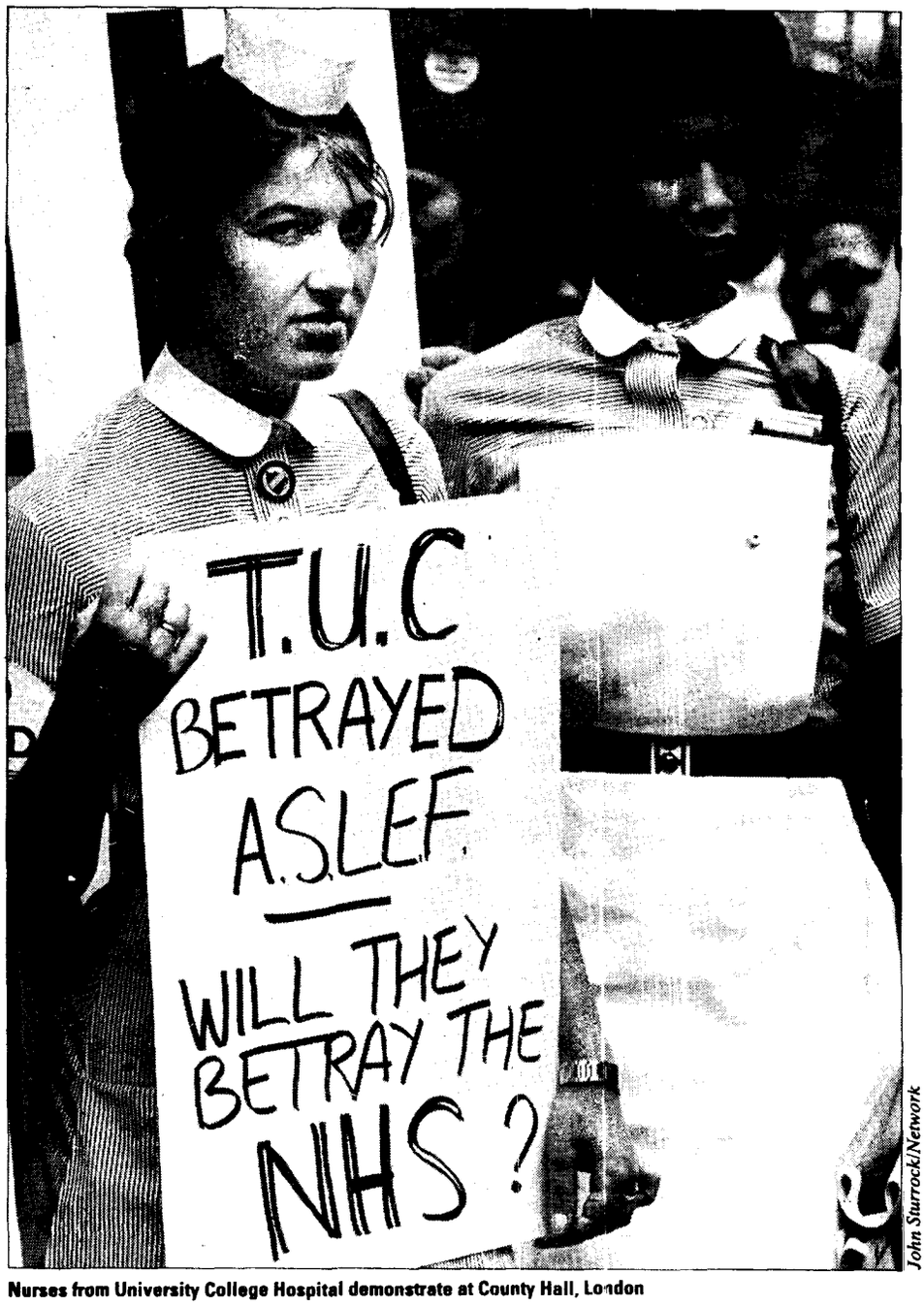
After Aslef's defeat, the next showdown is with the health service unions. JOANNA ROLLO reports

HEADLINES HAVE BEEN snatched from the hospital workers ever since they began their current round of industrial action in March. First came the Falklands, then the royal baby, followed by the rail strike. This week the IRA's London bombings have dominated the news during the health service unions' three-day national stoppage. The campaign continues nonetheless. There have been four national days of action, with three-quarters of a million on strike on 23 June, as well as a series of walk-outs, lightning and selective strikes, unofficial action in some hospitals and support from a wide range of other workers. From a starting point of 4.5 per cent for ancillaries and 6.4 per cent for nurses, the government has increased its pay offer to six per cent and 7.5 per cent respectively. Both groups are still holding out for 12 per cent.

Half of all nurses earn less than £82 a week and the latest offer would bring them less than £3 a week extra. Resident nurses would actually lose money if they accepted the deal, due to increases in meals and lodgings charges that are now in the pipeline. But the picture is bleaker for the ancillary workers. These comprise the largest group in the Health Service – half a million workers pushing trolleys, serving meals, cleaning wards and keeping books. Most are women, half are part-timers and most live on or very near the poverty line, with basic take-home pay currently at £56.99 a week. A six per cent increase would mean no more than £1.48 on top of that.

Efforts to divide the nurses from the ancillary workers have so far failed. Even the Royal College of Nurses, which is not affiliated to the TUC and which two years ago voted against industrial action by an 8-1 majority, threw out the government's first offer by a 2-1 ballot. Later, when the press reported rumours that RCN negotiators had accepted the improved offer of 7.5 per cent, the College's headquarters were beseiged by angry members opposed to what they saw as a sell-out. A great deal now hangs on the outcome of the next RCN ballot, which will decide finally on the 7.5 per cent offer. The result is not due until late next month.

Throughout the dispute, talks have continued behind the scenes between the government, senior management and staff representatives on whether market forces should play a greater part in determining nurses' pay. If this were agreed, the effect would be to cut nurses' pay loose from the ancillary workers and widen the gap between them. The talks are in secret and no information on their progress has yet been released.



John Sturrock/Network

Nurses from University College Hospital demonstrate at County Hall, London

The eleven unions represented on the TUC's Health Services Committee all back the 12 per cent claim. However, the degree of their militancy varies widely. Charles Donnet, National Officer of the General and Municipal Workers' Union, has accused NUPE of 'dragging our great movement into the gutter'. Members of the Confederation of Health Service Employees (COHSE) were pulled out of an indefinite strike they had joined with NUPE in Edinburgh after the national day of action on 19 May. In the three-day action planned for this week, NUPE members inside and outside hospitals were called out for the full three days, while COHSE members were to strike for only one. NALGO members had been authorised – though not instructed – to join the strike. Craft workers in the NHS were under instructions from the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to work normally. The TUC had urged affiliated unions to take such 'sympathetic' action as leafletting and joining demonstrations, but would not countenance widespread supportive strikes. The fate of the Aslef strike will have taken its toll on the morale of the hospital workers.

Within NUPE, the most militant of their unions, there have been disagreements about how to conduct the dispute. On 24 May, NUPE's delegate conference voted unanimously for an all-out indefinite strike with accident and emergency cover, to begin on 4 June, the date set for the next national 24-hour stoppage. Two days later a circular went out to all NUPE full-time officials instructing them to take no action on the resolution.

Some see this as the NUPE executive 'backing out' of the action by means of a 'loophole' in the resolution which allowed the executive first to seek the agreement of other health service unions. Hospital workers in Sheffield and other key areas, who were already taking or planning indefinite action, felt they had had the rug pulled from under them.

According to Bob Jones, one of NUPE's National Officers, the union is 'pursuing

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the resolution' by continuing its campaign to reduce hospitals to emergency and accident cover without calling an indefinite strike. The distinction is not as fine as it sounds. Workers in many hospitals feel that government spending cuts have effectively reduced them to emergency cover anyway – although this is obviously a matter of interpretation. At the beginning of this week, nearly half of Britain's 2,600 hospitals remain unaffected by the union's campaign. Those who favour an all-out indefinite strike call with full provision for emergencies believe that this would be a better way of involving the maximum number of hospitals in the industrial action.

From the government's point of view, the dispute is less about money and more about exerting its authority over the public sector unions. With the autumn pay round drawing near, it is anxious that there should be no victories claimed as a result of strike action. It has the politically awkward task of announcing that the police will be awarded a 10.3 per cent rise from 1 September – before negotiations begin with car workers, water workers and miners.

The government also sees this as part of its battle to change the nature of the health service. On 25 June, two weeks after a conference of the National Association of Health Authorities had voted to ask the government to re-examine its pay policy, four Regional Authority Chairmen were removed from their positions. Coincidentally those RHAs whose chairmen have been replaced are among those who will suffer the severest cuts in the newly announced squeeze on cash limits: Trent, Wessex, North Western and Northern. Only three months ago those same regions were singled out for growth. Former Chairman of Wessex RHA, Kingsley Williams, wrote to *The Times* on 29 June, after he had 'been replaced by someone more sympathetic to the government', in protest against private practice in the health service, consultants contracts, the government's refusal to improve hospitals and the mothballing of new projects. Most of all he was concerned by the 'divisive' pay policy. Such dissidents are apparently not to be tolerated.

Ten days after the recent public attack by the Chairman of the British Medical Association on low pay in the health service, Norman Fowler announced a freeze (to start next April) on new jobs for consultants, dental and senior medical staff and threated to impose cash limits on dentists, family doctors and opticians.

In the days leading up to this week's action the Government threatened to put jobs done by ancillary workers in the hands of private contractors. Norman Fowler has withdrawn his offer to create 10,000 new jobs this year and announced a freeze on the recruitment of doctors and nurses for the rest of the financial year, which means that in some hospitals vacancies will be left unfilled. Government insistence that local authorities fund 43 per cent of the final settlement will mean further cuts and jobs lost. The threat of unemployment is a powerful one, since the announcement this Tuesday of the record total of 3,190,621 registered for the dole. □

THE MEDIA

Groping in Fleet Street

SARAH BENTON examines the press coverage of a new pamphlet on sexual harassment

HERE'S SOME news to get those office temperatures rising and turn work into a hothouse of share and bare alike: if you fancy groping the behind of the girl at the desk-next-door, you've got every chance that she'll grope yours back. Yes that's the advice of the lovely blonde Melissa, only 25 (and we're talking about her age) daughter of yesterday's aristocrat, Anthony *Wedgwood* Benn. Together with the wife of trendy lawyer Stephen Sedley she's urging girls to get working life throbbing with pictures of beefcake on the walls, and a slap for every tickle that comes their way.

All over the country on 7 July, national and local newspapers entertained readers with such strange versions of a pamphlet on sexual harassment, written by Melissa Benn and Ann Sedley and published by the National Council of Civil Liberties*. The pamphlet is short and sober. It describes the humiliation, bullying, nervous breakdowns and guilt of women who are victims of sexual harassment. Because one purpose of the pamphlet is to encourage women to stop being afraid and to use what power is available to them to stop sexual harassment it has a seven page section on what women can do about it. Within this section there is one short paragraph which says:

> You might find it useful to return like with like to show men what harassment feels like. For instance, pinning up pictures of naked men or whistling and grabbing at men. Some women do not want to use this tactic.

The rest of the section discusses collective action by women and possible trade union and legal procedures.

The story, which appeared uniformly in at least 21 newspapers on the same day, including six Fleet Street dailies, began:

> Women who are sexually harassed at work should give a culprit a taste of his own medicine. If a male colleague pinches your bottom or makes a grab for you – grab him back.

and went on like that for another paragraph or two, with hardly a variation from paper to paper. A nationwide conspiracy of journalists? No, simply the agency copy bought from the Press Association, which hardly a paper in the land could resist.

Thus the word went out that sexual harassment is just a fancy term for fun and games in the office – with the stakes pleasurably upped by perky women. The last two thirds of the PA story did offer a fairly sympathetic and comprehensive account of the pamphlet – but many editors chose not to introduce a sour note by running the story in full. In newspaper offices, as the article by Helen Mason in *The Times* made clear, the tactics of sexual harassment to enshrine the power of male editors are commonly employed.

Sub-editors of Britain took their lead from the first part of the story. From 'Don't turn the other cheek! Hit back girls' in the *Daily Star*, through the Doncaster *Evening Post's* 'How to combat sexy antics' to the Yorkshire *Evening Press's* upmarket 'Office Lotharios feel the pinch', the deadening imperative of sexual titillation ruled.

HAS INITIATIVE among journalists been utterly wiped out by the safe, cheap and undemanding alternative of agency copy? Some fearless reporters did go in search of original material. For instance, the *Daily Mail* rang Melissa Benn to ask, aggressively, Is that Melissa *Wedgwood* Benn? Had she been personally sexually harassed? Could she give details? Was she married? What had she done at University? What since?

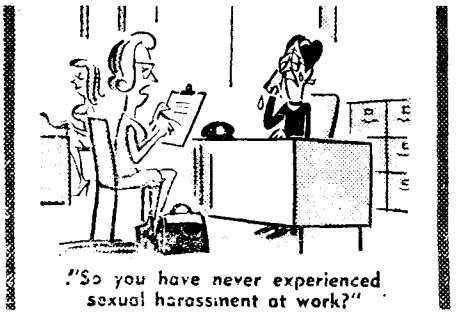
Is she really the daughter of Tony Benn, the *Daily Telegraph* asked Ann Sedley. Is she the wife of the Sedley lawyer, the *Daily Mail* asked Melissa. Even the *Guardian* gave us 'Mr Tony Benn's daughter Melissa, aged 25'. The cameramen at the television studio where the two women were interviewed filled in any gaps with deliberately offensive heavy breathing. Perhaps it was a sort of tribal protection against the contagious political extremism which had clearly infected the two women.

For originality, the *Yorkshire Post* walks off with the only prize. They chose to interview sex expert Barbara Cartland. 'It's nearly always the women's fault' she said succinctly, and put it all down to legs. Too much shown in mini-skirts, too little in trousers. Through such niceties, reporter Anne Caborn did succeed in infiltrating some serious summaries of the pamphlet.

Informative coverage was offered by *The Times, Guardian* (which had commissioned a poll on sexual harassment) and *Morning Star*. And a long, largely sympathetic article by journalist Adam Curtis appeared in the Brighton *Evening Argus*. And again, word for word, in the Bradford *Telegraph and Argus*, where he was billed as 'our Home Affairs correspondent.' And again in the Southend *Evening Echo*, where Mr Curtis appears as 'Our London Home Affairs Correspondent.' In the world of syndicated columns and agency copy, it only takes two to create a conspiracy of chauvimist values. □

*Sexual Harassment at Work by Ann Sedley and Melissa Benn, published by the NCCL Rights for Women Unit, 95p.

***Sunday Mirror*, July 11, 1982**



"So you have never experienced sexual harassment at work?"

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BRITISH TELECOM

Sold down the wire

Not only are valuable assets being squandered, but we risk losing democratic control in a future 'wired society', as JANE HOULTON reports

Kestone

Is that an old copper coaxial cable, or are you just pleased to see me?

PATRICK JENKIN must have been a happy man on Monday when he announced the sale of 51 per cent of British Telecom. With more than £5 billion assets, this amounts to the biggest share issue ever offered to the world's markets and the biggest de-nationalisation in British history. 'We want industrial and commercial decisions to be determined by the market and not by the state', he declared. 'Liberalisation (sic) of telecommunications has started and we intend to see it through.'

The plan is that 51 per cent of BT will be floated gradually on to the market after the next election (assuming a Tory victory), to avoid Labour threats of re-nationalisation depressing the share price. In the meantime, BT will be converted into a limited company, and a new regulatory body will be set up to control BT and its mushrooming competitors in the private sector. The way is thereby prepared for market forces to shake up a sleepy and apparently intractable monopoly.

However, if BT is unpopular in its present state, the government must take much of the blame. The organisation has been held in a straightjacket by the Tories' financial strategy. In 1979/80 and 1980/81, it had to fund all its £2 billion investment from internal funds, repay £45 million in loans to the government, and make a five per cent return on capital. The only way to achieve all that was to raise tariffs (without improving services) or cut investment (to worsen services in the long run).

In this year's budget, the government relented a little, increasing BT's investment limit and giving the go-ahead for a profit-linked bond – the Buzby bond – to raise external capital on the money markets. But wrangles went on behind the scenes in Whitehall over whether or not the Buzby bond should be counted as part of the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement (PSBR). Selling off BT would ease pressure on the hallowed PSBR, give BT access to money it badly needs and keep the City happy, all in one stroke.

But the sale will not be just another Amersham International fiasco – a quick killing for the City on undervalued assets. Its implications go far beyond that. The government is handing control of investment in telecommunications over to market forces at a crucial stage. Decisions about the kind of technology that will invade our homes and mould our society are being taken now. And it seems that private companies in pursuit of easy gain will make those decisions for us.

THE 'WIRED SOCIETY' is no longer a distant fantasy. You could soon be able to press Yes or No as you run your eyes down the supermarket's latest list of goods displayed on your TV screen – and pick them up later, no cash required. Or punch out the latest FT index in the privacy of your bathroom. Or participate in local democracy by punching Yes or No for your local candidates as they make an election address on Channel 98 . . . But how do we get from here to there?

Currently, telephone communications are carried into homes by copper wires, mostly dug into the ground; radio and television are generally transmitted without wires via the airwaves. If we want to be able to send back signals for 'visual interactive' services, so that we can communicate in words and pictures with businesses, schools or shops, then our homes and workplaces will have to be wired up specially, to send the return signal.

This new wire or cable will need to carry a wide spread of frequencies. The wider the 'bandwidth', the greater the information it can transmit and the higher the quality of reception. Telephone conversations currently require a low 'bandwidth' of four kHz, while colour TV transmissions need eight mHz, which is two thousand times that capacity. What is happening now is that the technologies of telecommunications and broadcasting are merging: in short, you can do both through the same medium, with the same piece of cable.

British Telecom is already engaged in an experiment with 18 families in Milton Keynes. Television, Pay TV and radio programmes as well as Prestel are fed into the trial network from a transmission point three kilometres from the estate where the families live. The programmes are converted into pulses of light and sent via optical fibre cables (made of glass, which takes up far less room and gives far better results than copper cables) to a local distribution point, which happens to be a cricket pavilion. From there, programmes are switched into individual homes, according to the family's choice. This kind of network can, says BT, be developed into full information technology, providing up to 100 channels as well as the return signals that make 'visual interaction' possible.

Beyond this technological marvel lie questions of political control and choice. Who will determine which channels we make our selection from? If one day we no longer need to go out to work, but can transmit messages directly from home to factory or office, what control shall we have over such a profound social change? Who will reap the profits?

HOVERING OVER the sickly body of British Telecom is a fine flock of vultures. First among them are City institutions and investors eager to pick up their share of BT's holes in the ground, ducts and cables (which are bound to be undervalued in the sale offer). Then there are industrial investors keen to take their share of a burgeoning telecommunications market. Jostling behind are the suppliers and manufacturers of equipment, in particular the 'Cosy Three', as they are known in the trade, of GEC, STC (part of ITT Europe) and Plessey, who have grown fat and lazy on past

NEXT WEEK:
How should cable TV be regulated, if at all? And is it really the money-spinner it is made out to be?

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telecommunications contracts and are now anxious to see off any foreign birds of prey who may appear on the scene. Alongside, we find the important lobby of the business telephone users, who supply the bulk of BT's £400 million-plus profits, and who have long clamoured for better, cheaper services and fear the monopoly power of the BT unions.

These, then, are the vested interests which the Tories are serving by selling British Telecom. BT itself and its unions have apparently been powerless to respond. There was no mention of privatising BT in the Tory manifesto in 1979. Since then the government has commissioned two reports: one, published in April 1981, comes from a London Business School professor, Michael Beesley; the other, published in March this year, from the Cabinet Office's Information Technology Advisory Panel (ITAP). Both are strongly pro-business and strongly pro-market.

Professor Beesley advocates the dissolution of BT, selling off international services and allowing competitors to build alternative networks alongside BT's. He assumes that market competition is the only means to ensure innovation and change, taking as his model the US private telephone system. But he ignores other national monopolies – notably the French PTT, which has successfully and rapidly modernised its network within a decade.

BT and the Post Office Engineering Union (POEU), which represents half of BT's employees, have argued forcefully that this would destroy the principle of a nationwide service based on cross-subsidy to the less profitable local networks; and that it would raise prices, cut investment funds and weaken the whole system.

The influence of Professor Beesley's report is clear in the British Telecommunications Act, which was passed in October 1981, giving sweeping powers to the Secretary of State to licence competition and do whatever he or she may choose with British Telecom. Beesley also set the stage for Project Mercury, a consortium of Cable & Wireless, BP and Barclays Merchant Bank, which was granted a 25-year licence last February to set up and run an alternative long-distance telecommunications network for business users. Mercury will achieve this by laying its own cables in the existing ducts of British Rail, to link 26 business centres and offer, in particular, new electronic data transmission services, from electronic mail to voice mailboxes. Its attractions include a lever on BT to keep tariffs down and an alternative to BT in case of industrial action. (In a survey of potential customers among the top 250 firms in the UK, Mercury discovered that many had 'considerable worries about possible disruption of essential communications services'.)

Mercury must, however, negotiate terms and royalties with BT in order for the rail-duct service to be connected with the BT network. Without this link-up, Mercury is doomed, if not to failure, at least to a very limited success. The negotiations have been proceeding slowly. This delay, and BT's ambivalent role as both regulator and commercial competitor, must have added to Jenkin's determination to cast BT off into the choppy waters of competition.

THE OTHER REPORT, from the Cabinet's Advisory Panel on Information Technology (which consists solely of businessmen) argues for a massive private investment programme of £2,500 million to provide cable TV services to about half the UK population.

The government has responded briskly to the ITAP report by setting up the Hunt Committee to recommend action, by this September, on both cable and broadcasting systems. Response from other interested parties has been equally swift – and nearly all critical. It has been pointed out that there are serious gaps in the research, which was hastily conducted with minimal consultation. The IBA, which is cited in the report as having been consulted, wrote to the *Guardian* on 30 March to deny that it had been. The report deals only superficially with such issues as regulation, control and broadcasting standards, and social uses of cable TV.

Even more damaging was the revelation that one of ITAP's three working party members who prepared the report, Mr Aldrich, was employed by Rediffusion, a company that could benefit directly from any expansion of cable TV. The report takes a limited view of what cable systems should provide, favouring short-term gains for the investor at the expense of installing technology that will soon become redundant. ITAP recommends the use of narrowband copper coaxial cable, which is cheaper at present than optical fibre, but which is incapable of carrying into all our homes the interactive services of the future, lacking flexibility to absorb future technical change.

BT already spends £500 million of its £2.5 billion investment programme each year on enhancing the existing cable network. If BT itself were to instal a new broadband optical fibre system, this would require little extra investment and could make use of ready-made ducts and holes in the ground. But if ITAP's proposals were taken up, it would mean digging up the streets twice, and wasting money on cables that would sooon need replacing.

In economic as well as political terms, the only sensible plan is for BT, in its current monopoly role, to recable Britain. But the possibility recedes even further with this week's announcement of the sell-off.

The POEU, while saying it is 'totally opposed to the privatisation of BT' is wary of talk of industrial action. The Right-led executive has been under constant pressure from its left-wing branches to take industrial action against privatisation since early 1981, but argues consistently that lobbying in Whitehall will achieve more. In the words of Roger Darlington, Research Officer and key POEU lobbyist, the union still believes that 'industrial action would be counter-productive and premature'. Instead, he says, 'there will be intense discussions.' To date, lobbying seems to have achieved little. The proposed sale will be a key issue in the next general election – and that looks like the last chance for British Telecom. □

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NEW STATESMAN

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Fortunes turn on 'Shiite factor'

With the war between Iran and Iraq at a critical stage, Saddam Hussain's leadership is more precarious than ever. DILIP HIRO reports

AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI'S decision to order an all-out attack on Iraq stemmed directly from Israel's invasion of the Lebanon. Until the Israelis attacked on 6 June, the leading Arab nations were working on their plan to meet the demands put forward by the Iranians, following their recapture of Khoramshahr at the end of May.

These demands were based on complete Iraqi withdrawal from the areas of Iran captured nearly two years before; the establishment of a Gulf Reconstruction Fund (largely funded by the Gulf states) to provide Iran with compensation for war damage; and the replacement of the Iraqi President, Saddam Hussain.

Tel Aviv's action enabled Saddam Hussain to transform military defeat into a magnanimous gesture. Arguing that all efforts must be concentrated against the common Zionist enemy, he first ordered an immediate, unilateral ceasefire; and then an unconditional evacuation of the occupied Iranian territory by 30 June. This was insufficient to placate Khomeini, who had good reason to believe that the increasingly unpopular Saddam Hussain would be overthrown by his disillusioned colleagues on the ruling Iraqi Revolutionary Command Council.

But two days before the final withdrawal of Iraqi troops from Iran, Saddam Hussain ended any chance of a palace coup against him by dismissing all the nine members of the RCC. This left Khomeini with only one way of ousting Saddam Hussain: a military assault on his regime.

With some 150,000 troops involved in the fighting in southern Iraq, the two countries are now engaged in the biggest military confrontation since the Second World War. Its outcome depends partly on the size, morale, firepower, and tactics of the troops on each side. It also depends on the 'Shiite factor,.

Iran is a country overwhelmingly dominated by the Shiite Muslim sect. And Khomeini, its religio-political leader, is revered by Shiites everywhere, including those in Iraq. The Iraqi Shiites, who form 55 per cent of the population, are concentrated in the south, where their holy cities, Najaf and Karbala, are situated. They are aware that Saddam Hussain and other leaders are mainly Sunni, and that relations between Shiite clergy and the government in Baghdad have always been either distant or hostile. Soon after Iraq's invasion of Iran in September 1980, the Shiite supreme leader, Ayatollah Mohammed Bakr al Sadr, was taken from Najaf to Baghdad by the security police and assassinated secretly, because he persisted in his opposition to Saddam Hussein's action.

The 'Shiite factor' inhibited Saddam Hussain's conduct of war. Aware of the Shiite majority among his army's conscripts (and afraid of creating popular disaffection by incurring high casualties) Saddam Hussain repeatedly vetoed his generals' advice to press home the military advantage of their surprise offensive in the early days of the war.

Now Tehran hopes that the continued presence of Iranian troops near Basra – a predominantly Shiite city of half a million – would embolden the long-oppressed Shiites to challenge the central authority. The celebration of Eid al Futr, which marks the end of Ramadan, is due this Friday, 23 July, involving vast congregations of Shiites in Najaf and Karbala. It may provide an occasion for a confrontation between the Shiites and the security forces: an event which could lead to a dramatic overthrow of the Hussain regime. Anxious to avoid any such possibility, the government has instructed the police and the (ruling) Baathist activists to keep a low profile in Shia localities and towns.

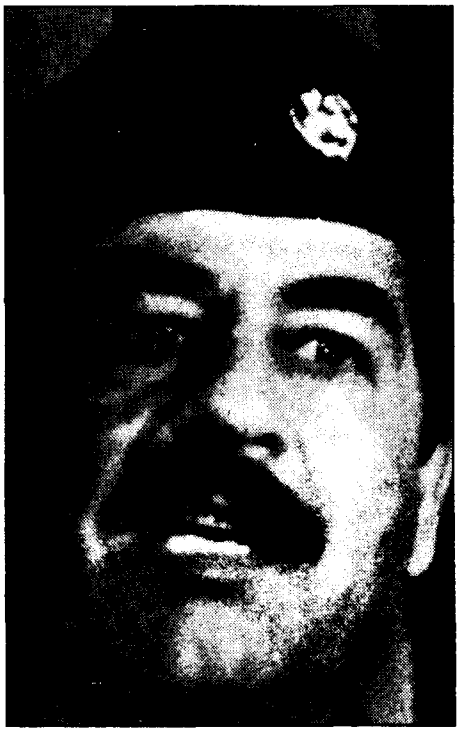
Saddam Hussein's public lament over 'the collapse of Arab unity' shows that he feels isolated, and betrayed by fellow Arab rulers. His bitterness is understandable; for he invaded Iran at the behest of Saudi Arabia and America – not to mention the Iranian generals and politicians of the former Shah's regime.

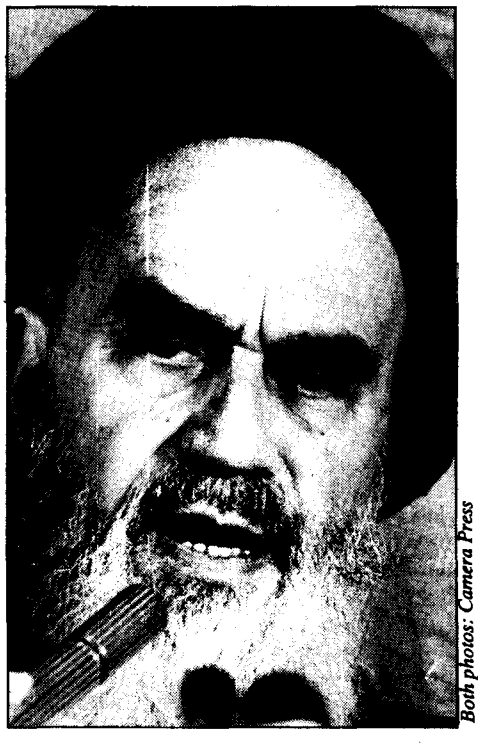
This move, though, lost him the sympathy of the Soviet Union with whom Iraq had signed a 15-year treaty of friendship in April 1972. Moscow deplored Baghdad's action, arguing that the war undermined the movement for national liberation in the Middle East against imperialism and Zionism. The Russians stopped supplying weapons, or even spare parts, to Iraq – a policy which continues.

The Soviets were even-headed in supporting the Security Council's recent resolution calling for UN observers to supervise the ceasefire in the Gulf war. (So did the Americans.) Iran rejected it angrily. 'Where were you when our country's integrity and the basis of the Islamic Republic of Iran were under threat from the Iraqi mercenaries?' asked Iran's foreign minister, Ali Akbar Velayati. 'Has one single word been uttered by the vast United Nations Organisation to condemn this wild aggressor?'

The Gulf state that feels most threatened by the sudden breakdown in the region's security is Kuwait. Its border is only two hours' drive from Basra. The Americans have offered consultation on security to all Gulf states. Internally, 30 per cent of Kuwait's population of 1.3 million is Shiite, and another 25 per cent is Palestinian. The Kuwaiti elite, one of the richest in the world, is nervous, and has already started transferring its capital out of the country. But in view of Washington's intimate links with Tel Aviv, Israel's invasion of Lebanon and attacks on the PLO, and the anti-American feeling prevalent among the Shiites in the Gulf states, it is hard to visualise the Kuwaiti ruler consulting the Americans about the security of his country. The Gulf is in for a long period of convulsion. □

Will the religious allegiance of Iraq's Shiites to Hussain (left) tip the balance against Khomeini (right)?





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FRANCE

Liberté dignité fraternité

DIANA JOHNSTONE reports from Paris on a new move to quell the voice of feminism in the Communist-led trade unions.

Camera Press

CGT Secretary General Henri Krasucki: leading the onslaught on 'deviation'.

WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES is unseemly, especially for the female combatants. This has been the message to women of the French General Confederation of Labour (CGT) from the organisation's new Secretary General, orthodox Communist Henri Krasucki. Last May, Krasucki sacked the entire staff of the CGT women's magazine *Antoinette* for failing to toe his line. Criticism of sexism, judged excessive, has been discreetly replaced by the struggle for 'dignity'. When it comes to normalising his organisation, the gallant Krasucki's motto seems to be 'Ladies first'.

Although it is generally considered a minor sideshow, the row over *Antoinette* may be the most significant aspect of the recent crackdown on the CGT liberalisation, or 'opening', begun at the 1978 40th Congress and stopped at the 41st Congress a few weeks ago.

Feminism, inevitably qualified here by the adjective 'bourgeois', has traditionally been an unwelcome intruder on the male preserve of French trade unionism. Former CGT Secretary General Benoit Frachon confided to *Antoinette* in 1968 that 'the ideal society would be one in which the man would earn enough for his wife to stay at home'. In the 1970's, the CGT attitude evolved considerably. The French Communist Party itself, especially during its phase of Eurocommunist ascendancy, began to develop its own analysis and a positive approach to the women question. Women's original contribution to a new trade unionism was welcomed by advocates of 'self-management' socialism as essential to authentic worker democracy.

It is no accident that the main champion of workers' shop councils, left Eurocommunist Jean-Louis Moynot, was the first to call on the CGT to combat 'male supremacy' in all its forms, at work and in the home. Moynot has close contacts with the Italian Communist Party, where feminist ideas have had far more impact than in France. His landmark report to the 1977 CGT conference on women removed the doctrinal inhibition on CGT women, who up to then had been warned against straying into the feminist trap of 'integral egalitarianism' if they questioned traditional union priorities. Women's rights as workers, he said, could not be ensured without a struggle against the social structure which for thousands of years had kept women in an inferior position. He acknowledged that men had kept women confined in the most basic productive processes, securing for themselves a virtual monopoly of advanced technology, science, culture and of course political power; and he emphasised that sexism, like racism, was a social phenomenon, which must be rooted out. Finally, Moynot warned against the emptiness of an economic democracy in which 'women would be confined to a silent role in the midst of a masculine democracy'. Of course, these ideas were already familiar to the French women's movement; what was new was that they came from an influential Communist and helped to open up the CGT to feminism.

The following year, Secretary Georges Séguy opened the 40th Congress hailing women's revolt against injustice and inequality, 'their drive for emancipation', as 'the major social phenomenon of the last thirty years and a decisive factor for progress'. The 40th Congress resolved that 'fighting inequalities at work is not enough. It is necessary to attack everything which makes women inferior in society as a whole'.

With this mandate, *Antoinette* found its own voice and its ability to listen to others. Editor-in-Chief Chantal Rogerat welcomed the challenge to the labour movement from French feminism. 'Feminist aspirations are a necessary goad in a working world that remains essentially masculine,' she said. 'It's no secret that women do not yet feel altogether at ease in trade unions.'

Meanwhile, the French Communist Party backed away from Eurocommunism, Krasucki took over from Séguy and drove Moynot from the leadership. *Antoinette* came under attack, but usually for its treatment of political issues other than feminism, enabling the leadership to claim that it was not retreating on women's demands – although it was doing nothing to advance them, either. Last March, a cross section of readers' letters on Poland published by *Antoinette* was judged an unacceptable political and professional mistake. Chantal Rogerat was dismissed. In protest, the nine journalists on the staff of *Antoinette* went on strike. The CGT sacked the lot, without severance pay, since they were considered militants, not employees.

At the CGT's 41st Congress in Lille last month, Krasucki indicated that the proper objective for women should be 'dignity'. He praised women who were without complexes, forearmed against attempts to deviate union action towards a war between the sexes'. He suggested that men should gallantly lead the 'fight for women's dignity'. The chastened *Antoinette* featured an article on sexual harassment, which safely identified the enemy *outside* the working class: the boss who makes passes at female employees.

Will the new proletarian chivalry next conclude that women's dignity is best protected by keeping them at home? For Krasucki's political motivations, his Stalinist impulse to preserve the CGT from the contaminating outside influence of the women's movement, coincide with ominous economic developments, similar to those in Britain. In the early 1970s, a large majority of the newcomers to the work force were women. It was in the unions' interest to show concern for them. But in the late 1970s, women became the large majority of the swelling mass of unemployed. Already in 1977, over 80 per cent of young people failing to find a job after a year's searching were women. In the 1980's this trend has intensified as computerisation wipes out more and more jobs in sectors where women are concentrated, such as textiles and office work. The Mitterrand government is unable to stem rising unemployment as rapidly as it hoped. The political pressure to show results, at least on paper, is mounting. Now, the easiest way to reduce the embarrassing unemployment figures would simply be to get those women to stop looking for work. While the men grapple with this problem, Krasucki has taken the precaution of seeing to it that, whatever they decide to do, *Antoinette* will not kick up a fuss. □

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UNITED STATES

A crime to disagree

DAVID EDGAR explores the sinister philosophy that turns black and white dissidents into enemies of the State

THE TENTH anniversary of the Watergate break-in has passed with little comment in the American press about the chilling way in which the civil-libertarian gains of the post-Watergate years are being eroded under Reagan. The FBI and CIA have already made substantial inroads into the rights of citizens to inspect agency files, and the notorious House Un-American Activities Committee has been reconstituted in the more pejorative guise of the 'House Sub-Committee on Terrorism', whose stated briefs include investigating people 'who engage in subervise activities without being aware that they are engaging in subversive activities'. Another disturbing development is the abuse of the Grand Jury system in order to harrass the left.

Grand Juries have wide investigative powers as well as performing the function of British committal proceedings.

Seven people, six of them women and five of them black, are presently being held in jail in New York for refusing to testify and/or provide evidence to a Federal Grand Jury investigating 'terrorist' conspiracies. The FBI have tried to link some of the jailed people with last October's bank robbery in Nyack, upstate New York, which was allegedly carried out by the underground Black Liberation Army in collaboration with white radicals. In fact, this investigation predates Nyack and seems to be part of a general attempt to criminalise both the black and white radical left.

Probably best known of those presently held for contempt is Bernardine Dohrn, who was a leading member of the Weatherman faction of the radical Students for a Democratic Society in the late Sixties, and who emerged from ten years underground – with her partner Bill Ayers and their two children – in December 1980. Dohrn was put on probation for an eleven-year-old offence, but was not interrogated or charged with any further crimes, until she was summoned to give a handwriting specimen to the Grand Jury. It has been pointed out that the FBI probably possesses more specimens of Dohrn's handwriting than she does, and her incarceration for refusing to comply seems to be purely punitive. She and her co-non-defendants now face spells in jail that could run the length of the Grand Jury sitting, a possible 18 months. They are denied the protection of the Fifth Amendment by virtue of a revision to the Grand Jury rules implemented by Nixon's Attorney General John Mitchell, himself jailed for Watergate-related offences.

Dohrn and most of the other defendants have been actively involved in the campaign to expose FBI illegalities during the Vietnam War era. Most of them were also involved with the alternative health-care movement, which grew out of the community campaign by black militants to combat hard-drug abuse in the New York ghettoes. As a further ironic twist, the Act under which the Grand Jury is operating – another Nixon-vintage statute – was set up to counter organised crime. Now, according to Federal Attorney John Martin, it appears to apply to any group who wish to 'put an end to the US Government as we know it' and who (consequentially, one presumes) share 'a common belief in socialism'.

Since the jailings began in March, the case has been littered with similarly extraordinary statements. In opposing bail for Jerry Gaines, a mother of eight, Martin's assistant argued that 'in addition to the coercive effect of a possible 18 months' incarceration, you would also like to think that Ms Gaines's motherly love, her sentiments and concern with her children would have an additional coercive effect'. And, while jailing Bernardine Dohrn, Federal Judge Goettel commented: 'With respect to the witness's statement that she is not being jailed for anything that she did, I would have to differ with that completely. She has, because she disagrees with the political system in this country, set herself above the government in determining the manner in which she will or will not operate within this country. She is making an attack upon the Government and the Government is responding.'

As supporters of the seven jailed people have pointed out, it is not a crime under the United States Constitution to attack the Government. Indeed, it is rather the point of that document that citizens should not be prevented from doing so. □

THIRD WORLD

Malnourished on 'Milkmaid'

Sweetened tinned milk is a threat to babies in developing countries, reports MARTIN BAILEY

NESTLE is under attack in Malaysia for marketing tinned milk without adequate warning of the dangers to young children. *The Other Baby Killer*, published by the Consumers Association of Penang, claims that 'while much publicity has been given to the dangers of infant formula, little has been said of the deadlier menace posed by the use of sweetened condensed milk in the developing countries.'

Sweetened condensed milk (SCM) is known as 'coffee-shop milk' in Malaysia, where it is often used to whiten coffee. But it is also used as a cheap substitute for baby food, with disastrous consequences. Doctors have reported a growing number of babies suffering from malnutrition because of incorrect use of condensed milk.

The Other Baby Killer quotes a United Nations nutrition manual which warns that the high sugar content of condensed milk makes it 'highly unsuitable for infants and young children'. A child's appetitie may be satisfied before it has taken sufficient nutrients. Condensed milk does not contain enough fat, lactose and vitamins for infants. Finally, there is the danger that the condensed milk may be mixed with dirty water or fed in unsterilised bottles.

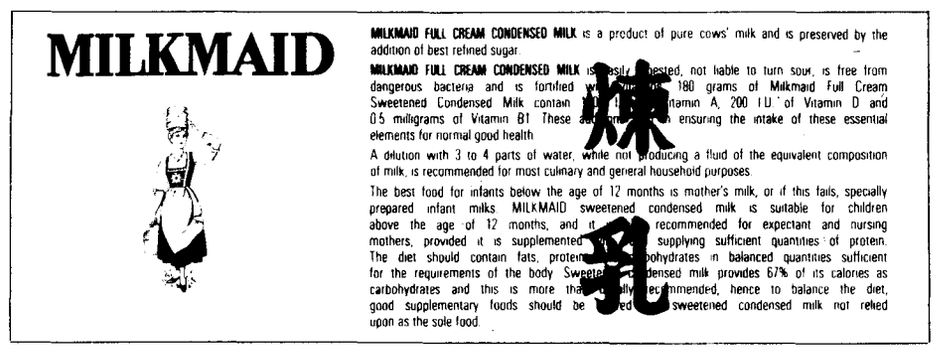
The Malaysian consumers' organisation concludes that malnutrition has 'increased as a result of the abuse of SCM . . . Unless immediate measures are taken to prevent this, more wasted bodies and more deaths await our young. Nestlé, which produces the best-selling brand, disagrees. A spokesman from Nestlé's Swiss headquarters said that 'although sweetened condensed milk is certainly not a perfect food for infants, it is not dangerous if properly used.'

The Consumers Association of Penang report calls for a ban on advertising to end the sales campaigns of companies like Nestlé. Magazine advertisements describe Nestlé's Milkmaid as 'the growing up milk'. Radio commercials with the jingle 'Grow up speedily my little dear one . . . Drink Milkmaid milk' could be interpreted as a call to feed condensed milk to babies.

Nestlé introduced a warning on SCM tins four years ago, but the label on a tin of Milkmaid purchased recently in Malaysia on behalf of the *New Statesman* states:

> The best food for infants below the age of 12 months is mother's milk, or if this fails, specially prepared infant milks. Milkmaid sweetened condensed milk is suitable for children above the age of 12 months.

The warning is printed in very small letters and the message is far from clear. In any case, mothers who misuse condensed milk are often illiterate.


MILKMAID
MILKMAID FULL CREAM CONDENSED MILK is a product of pure cows' milk and is preserved by the addition of best refined sugar.
MILKMAID FULL CREAM CONDENSED MILK is freshly prepared, not liable to turn sour, is free from dangerous bacteria and is fortified with Vitamins. 180 grams of Milkmaid Full Cream Sweetened Condensed Milk contain 1 milligram of Vitamin A, 200 I.U. of Vitamin D and 0.5 milligrams of Vitamin B1. These additions help in ensuring the intake of these essential elements for normal good health.
A dilution with 3 to 4 parts of water, while not producing a fluid of the equivalent composition of milk, is recommended for most culinary and general household purposes.
The best food for infants below the age of 12 months is mother's milk, or if this fails, specially prepared infant milks. MILKMAID sweetened condensed milk is suitable for children above the age of 12 months, and it is recommended for expectant and nursing mothers, provided it is supplemented with foods supplying sufficient quantities of protein. The diet should contain fats, proteins and carbohydrates in balanced quantities sufficient for the requirements of the body. Sweetened condensed milk provides 67% of its calories as carbohydrates and this is more than normally recommended, hence to balance the diet, good supplementary foods should be added to sweetened condensed milk not relied upon as the sole food.

Label from a Nestlé tin purchased in Penang

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DIARY

Christopher Price

THE third year of a Tory government is ever prone to scandal; it's as though the British public – and even the populist Tory press – slowly wakes up to the blatant injustices of their beloved class-ridden country and the top begins to get blown. Just under twenty years ago, it was Stephen Ward who had to die in expiation for Profumo. I feel for poor Commander Trestrail against whom there seems to be no evidence that he's ever put a foot wrong. The prurience of our Establishment has hardly changed in two decades. But then Tory MPs think in such an extraordinary way. The pent up fury against Willie Whitelaw is not just an ultra loyalist plot to shift the balance even further towards the Thatcherite Right – though there's a bit of that. Mostly it is genuine indignation; for a very large number of Conservative MPs the most terrible sin any government can commit – far exceeding the creation of three, four or even five million unemployed – is to allow a Strange Man into the Queen's bedroom. Whereas the reaction of most Labour colleagues is sheer amazement, with the reflection that it can't be bad for her to be acquainted from time to time with the condition of her people in the average hard-to-let Islington council flat.

○

I suspect two long stretches of being in office since 1964 have weakened Labour's traditional passion for opposition. An argument has come to a head this week over the proposed reforms to Commons procedure. Ought the House of Commons to have a neat and tidy system, which gives the Government greater certainty in getting its programme through? Or should we keep the present messy system which allows the Opposition – or just mere odd backbenchers – to harrass and filibuster the Government, particularly at the end of a session. The difference is one of psychology. The political managerialists of the Webb tradition want a system in which they – as, of course, Her Majesty's Labour Ministers – can smoothly implement their manifesto (or at any rate their favourite bits of it) when Labour wins next time. I'm an instinctive oppositionist. I see the arcane procedures of the House of Commons as a precious bulwark against bureaucracy and oppression – whether Labour or Conservative in origin.

○

We're in the high season for filibustering at the moment. The Government, as ever, are piling on the legislation which they want through before the end of July, and are terrified of sudden votes in the middle of the night when their backbenchers have slunk off home to sleep. So, in effect, filibustering is a highly positive exercise. Even the threat of it can get a string of little concessions. Ministers concede things for a quiet life. At the moment the pressure is on prison conditions for the mentally ill, legal aid and inquests. The real hassle for Ministers comes not from backbenchers but from the Tory business managers – Chief Whip Michael Jopling and his persevering amanuensis Murdo Maclean – who don't give a hoot what's *in* the legislation. They just want to get something through without having to keep their troops up all night.

○

I've been re-reading Susan Crosland's book* on Tony and simultaneously dipping into David Marquand on John Mackintosh on 'Parliament and Social Democracy'†. It's such a pity our best folk die so soon. John Mackintosh was the most serious and least petty of the nascent social democrats. When, as Tony's PPS, I used to arrange little Croslandite *tête-à-têtes* to amuse my minister, John would never conspire seriously. He was forever whipping his notebook out: 'Right Tony, now just what exactly happens in Cabinet. Harold says this and you say that . . .' He was nicer because he was always an academic rather than a politician.

It's clear from Susan Crosland's book that the social democrats (who invented the Campaign for Democratic Socialism – a title they'd now repudiate) were *mafiosi* rather than democratic politicians; clients of Jenkins, rather than representatives of the folk who sent them to Parliament, they were forever longing for the day when their patron would succeed their hate-object, Harold Wilson. At one stage Tony might have joined them; but he was democratised by his parliamentary experience with Dennis Skinner and other good folk on the Housing Finance Bill in 1971 and suddenly saw the Jenkins *cabal* for the unprincipled elitists they always were. Driving to Winchester one day, he soliloquised to Susan:

> Roy has actually come to dislike socialism . . . It's Roy's misfortune that because of his father, he's in the wrong Party. As a Liberal or Conservative, he might make a very good Leader.

I suppose it's a sort of loyalty to Tony that makes me continue to harrass Jenkins out of the front bench seat on the Labour side which his acolytes tell him he ought to use. He's increasingly irritable there and would be so much more comfortable among the Tories. □

* Cape £10.95.
† Longman £7.95.

ROGER WODDIS

A question of Queens

'Everyone involved is now batting on the stickiest and most ignominious of wickets.' – Guardian.

Thank God it's happened, is what I say.
Who gives a hoot if the guy was gay?
It fills the straight with a holy rage,
And boosts the sale of the printed page.
But it's no surprise that 'The House was shocked',
With sixty still waiting to be unfrocked.

Who knows when the next big name will fall,
With the virtuous press exposing all?
A bishop who's bent? A peer who's prone?
A Russian procurer near the throne?
Supposing, supposing – oh, no, not that!
There must be *one* who's a decent bat.

We live in the very worst of times,
When you have to look hard for paradigms.
The wicket is sticky and the light that fails
Defeats the bowler and destroys the bails;
But thank the Lord (not to mention Freud)
It shifts our gaze from the unemployed.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Although he sits in the House of Lords as a Liberal, Lord Franks is trusted by members of all parties. *The Times* (Sidney D. Bailey)

☐ An Aldershot garage which reduced petrol prices to £1.43 a gallon was forced to raise them yesterday by the police because it was causing traffic jams. *The Times* (Clifford Brook)

☐ A security van carrying £100,000 was ambushed after police abandoned a three-month watch on a gang of suspected armed robbers in the belief that they would not operate on a Saturday, St Albans Crown Court heard yesterday. *The Guardian* (Iain Paterson)

☐ For the great majority of the unemployed it is the absence of jobs that prevents a return to work. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Unemployment* (F. Silberman)

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LETTERS

Double standards

Andrew Dobson, St Johns College, Oxford

Judith Mullard (*NS* 9 July 'Death of a Librarian') is playing a dangerous game of double standards. Of course the incident which resulted in the death of Mary Bristow reveals the despicable nature of men's violence towards women. Of course the resulting trial of her sometime lover, Peter Wood, reveals the utter insensitivity of (male) judicial approaches to such acts. But what is Judith Mullard's answer to the problem? Greater punishment for the defendant. The recommendation she puts forward is that Wood should not have had his charge reduced to manslaughter, but should have been charged with murder, thereby rendering him liable to a stiffer sentence. Evidently it matters naught that a longer prison term would no more have furthered the cause of women's struggle against male violence, than it would have brought Mary Bristow back to life. Such a sentence would only have satisfied the lust for animal (dare I say Christian?) revenge which should have no place on the left-wing agenda. Judith Mullard attacks the legal system for condoning men's violence against women, and then demands justice from that same legal system – a justice which will be tainted with the very values which she is condemning. She has fallen into the liberal trap of censuring a system and then demanding that it be fair.

Perhaps she would have been happiest if Peter Wood had been condemned to death?

Film for hire

Dora Russell, address not supplied

You report (*NS* 9 July) the dilemma of the European Conference of END (for nuclear free Europe) as to how to effect co-operation across the Iron Curtain. You also print (9 July) a letter from Lord Jenkins of Putney and Frank Allaun M.P. stating that they have raised some £20,000 towards making a Peace film.

Early this year I showed the film Women's Caravan of Peace in a Committee room of the House of Commons, which I was instructed to book in the name of Mr Allaun. My object was to seek donations towards certain work to bring this film up to date. Lord Brockway was present. But I got no help from M.P.s.

Accordingly, with considerable sums of my own, and some small donations and loan from relatives, this work has now been done. The film is now with me and ready for hiring. It is not a nuclear horror film. It shows a journey of fraternisation in very nearly every country of Europe, both sides of the Cold War barrier. As such I would think that it could be of use as ground work for CND, END and the Women's Movement for peace. Further copies could be made at considerably less than £20,000.

Democratic travesty ?

Norman W. Beswick; Barbara Beswick; Zena Bullmore; Richard Bullmore; 20 Beaumayes Close, Boxmoor, Hemel Hempstead, Herts

Your profile of Paul Boateng (*NS* 16 July) implies that only 'the right wing' is perturbed at the circumstances of the Hemel Hempstead parliamentary candidate selection, and that the problem is connected with Boateng. This is untrue and will be widely resented.

The overwhelming choice of the branch parties (by a huge margin), and of at least half the union branches, was the previous parliamentary candidate, Robin Corbett. Corbett has a considerable personal following, was a hardworking and popular MP 1974-79, and at the last election achieved the smallest anti-Labour swing in the country. Bennites and anti-Bennites in the party flocked to meetings to support his continued candidature.

To no avail. The hard left on the GMC paid no attention to membership feeling, so clearly demonstrated, and plumped for Paul Boateng. Under other circumstances this could have been an admirable choice. As it is, it was a total travesty of democracy within the party. Either a big row and a purging of the elitist left, or a vast haemorrhage of frustrated and ignored members, may result: inauspicious indeed for the start of the candidacy of an able socialist who has inadvertently been a tool of an undemocratic and extreme minority.

Overseas aid

Andrew Jenkins, National College of Agricultural Engineering, Silsoe, Bedfordshire.

I and others have read with great interest the discussion on overseas aid in your pages. A recent report on the country where I worked for five years, both for Oxfam and a local organisation, found that less than 1% of British bilateral aid was even intended to benefit the poor – and was not succeeding. ('Underdeveloping Bangladesh: 225 years of British involvement – F. Rolt and T. Learmouth, pub. War on Want.) The rest is intended to promote exports and to support an exploitative and often repressive elite.

I agree with Sally Lyall Grant (*NS* 25 June) that the UN, World Bank, etc do little better in practice, but I am also sure that small non-governmental organisations could not effectively use much more money than they have at present. Above all I should like to make the point that many poor people are engaged in difficult and courageous struggles against the social forces and classes which keep them poor. The problem for us is how to identify and support those struggles most effectively.

It seems to me that a serious debate is needed on the left in Britain (and in the pages of the *NS* ?) to answer these questions. As a contribution to this debate the Labour Aid and Development Committee is organising a conference at the Commonwealth Institute on 24 July entitled: 'Towards Solidarity with the Struggles of Poor People in the Third World'. All NS readers are invited.

Petulant response

Stephen Mullin, Architect
10 Wharton Street
London WC1X 1PX

Gavin Stamp's petulant response to Jules Lubbock's article on Berthold Lubetkin (*NS* 16 July) allows me to add a few comments on his nasty little tirade in the *Spectator*. In this piece, Stamp claimed that "poor, damaged Holford Square was simply swept

away for monstrous Bevin House": his letter implies that the "widespread hatred of high-rise housing" is shared by the inhabitants of Lubetkin's block.

For the record, Holford Square was "swept away" by two land mines which completely flattened it; Lubetkin's building is called Bevin Court, not "Bevin House", and its residents and users, like those of Lubetkin's other two major works in our area – Spa Green and the Finsbury Health Centre – like and respect the building. Indeed, there is a notable absence of the graffiti which smother those truly monstrous "flats for the proletariat" in Westminster designed by Stamp's idol, Edwin Lutyens.

All this Stamp could have ascertained simply by visiting the building and talking to local residents. But then, a respect for facts has never hitherto characterised the architectural groupies of the New Right.

Kurdish struggles

Peter Sedgwick, Dept of Politics, Leeds University

Marion Woolfson (*NS* Letters, 25 June) pours scorn on the idea that the Kurdish struggle constitutes a genuine national liberation movement. Her grounds for this dismissal are that in the early 1970s Mustafa Barzani's Kurds in Iraq received help from the Shah's Iran, from American intelligence and reportedly from Israel.

It is paradoxical that her subsequent report on the Israeli Left (NS 9 July) appears in an issue decked with pictures of Yasser Arafat. Arafat is of course the recipient of help from the present mullahs' regime in Iran, one even more repressive than that of the Shah and also – according to Noam Chomsky (*Guardian*, 12 July) – enjoying some support from Israel: and an American link is now emerging with the ardent wish of Arafat and his colleagues to secure a US military presence in the Lebanon – despite the protests of the USSR against any such despatch of American troops. The *International Herald Tribune* (9 July) reports Reagan Administration officials as stating that 'the PLO leaders seemed to be relying on the United States to save them from the Israelis.'

Of course the PLO is in desperate straits through the Israeli aggression upon Beirut: but the Kurdish Pesh Mergas criticised by Woolfson were also being slaughtered at the time by the technically superior Iraqi aggressors whose vantage-point on matters Kurdish she appears to share. Both the Shah and the CIA betrayed the Kurdish cause shortly afterwards, and there are a great many Kurdish militants who execrate Barzani and his deal.

The issue is hardly affected by Ms Woolfson's citation of Israeli dabbling: Russia, the United States, Qaddafi's Libya and Iraq itself have all given similar temporary and unreliable support to Kurdish demands. The figure for Israeli financial support that she quotes would amount to 25 cents per Pesh Merga soldier per week. Still, one wonders in the light of the PLO's own alliances with reactionary Middle Eastern regimes and its current lobbying of the Reagan government, whether she will now decide that the Palestinians aren't a genuine national liberation movement either?

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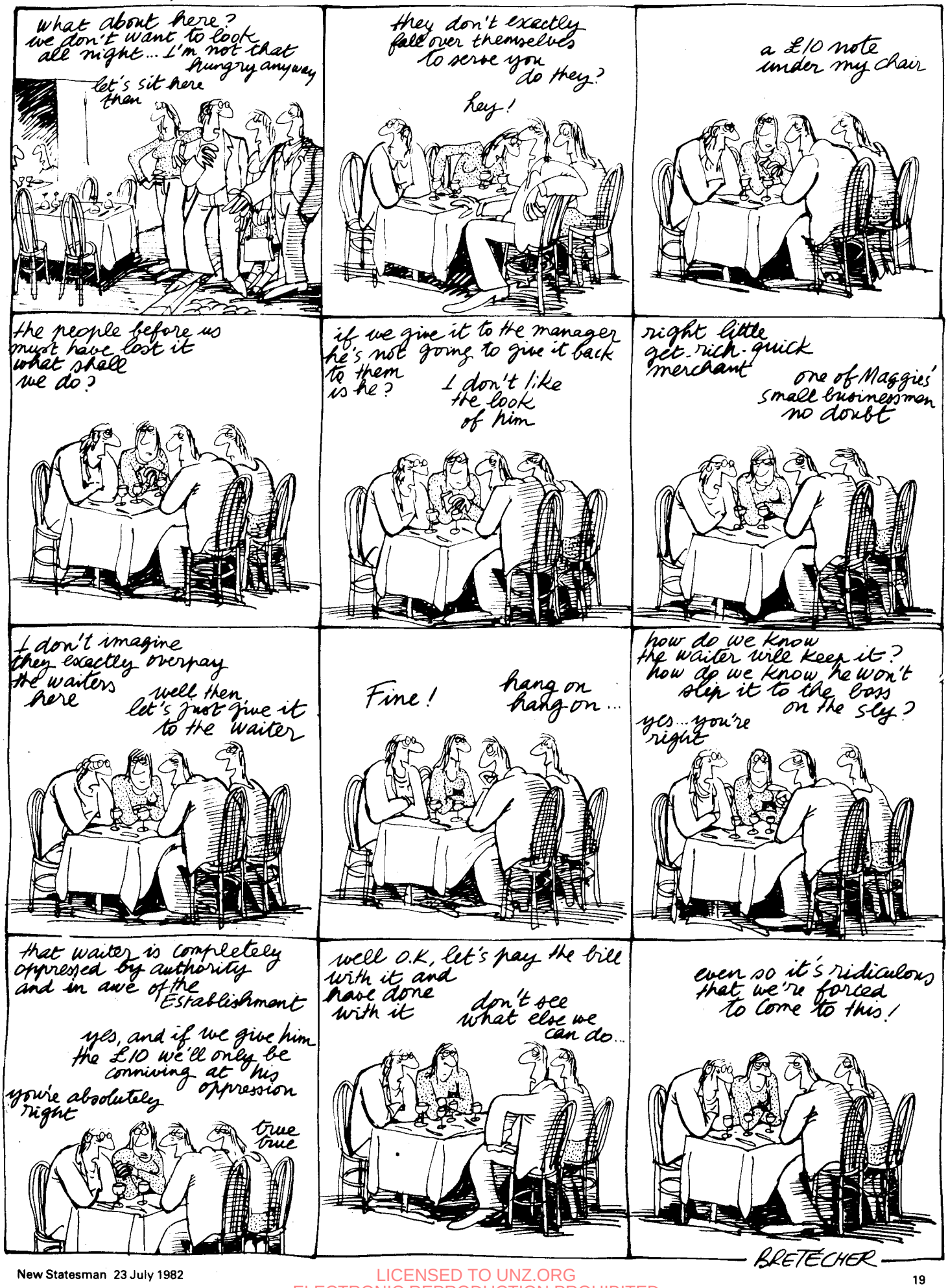
BRETECHER

SOCIAL CONSCIENCE


what about here? we don't want to look all night... I'm not that hungry anyway
let's sit here then
they don't exactly fall over themselves to serve you do they?
hey!
a £10 note under my chair
the people before us must have lost it what shall we do?
if we give it to the manager he's not going to give it back to them is he?
I don't like the look of him
right little get-rich-quick merchant
one of Maggie's small businessmen no doubt
I don't imagine they exactly overpay the waiters here
well then let's just give it to the waiter
Fine!
hang on hang on...
how do we know the waiter will keep it? how do we know he won't slip it to the boss on the sly?
yes... you're right
that waiter is completely oppressed by authority and in awe of the Establishment
yes, and if we give him the £10 we'll only be conniving at his oppression
you're absolutely right
true true
well O.K, let's pay the bill with it and have done with it
don't see what else we can do...
even so it's ridiculous that we're forced to come to this!
BRETECHER

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'My India'

DILIP HIRO, while reporting on a recent seminar, also celebrates the achievement of some of this century's leading Indian, English-language writers

INDIANS have a long history of using the English language for literary purposes. The first book in English by an Indian author was a travelogue, which appeared in 1794. Shaikh Mohammed Deen's book, published in Cork, was called *Mohammed's Travels*. Today, India produces more book titles in English than any other country except America and Britain. A recently published catalogue of literary works by Indian authors runs into 630 pages*.

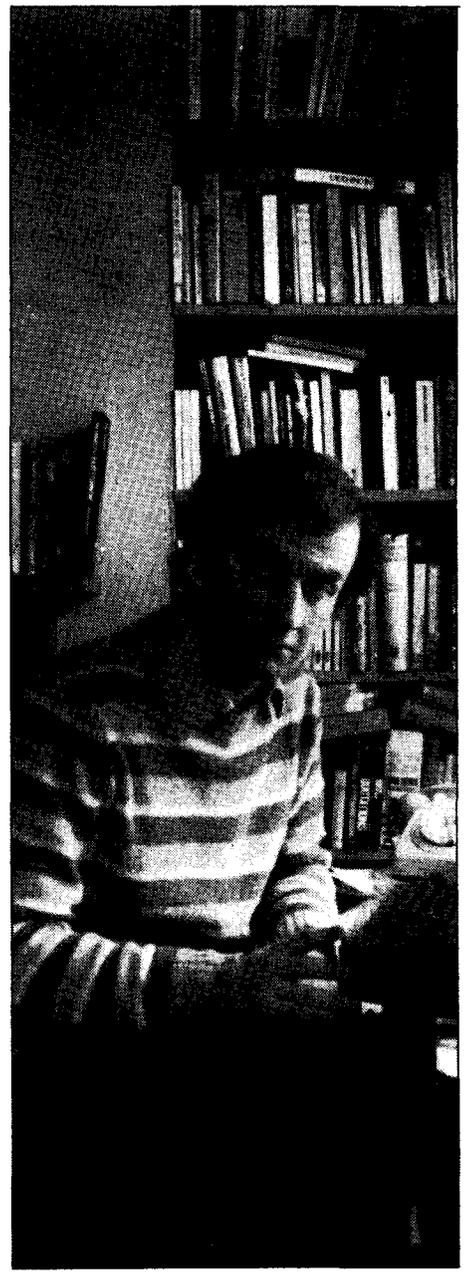
Some of these books have won their authors leading literary prizes: Nobel to Rabindranath Tagore; Duff Cooper to Nirad Chandra Chaudhuri; Royal Society of Literature's Benson Medal to Rasipuram Krishnaswamy Narayan; and Booker to Salman Rushdie.

It was wholly appropriate that the recent seminar on this subject, sponsored by the Commonwealth Institute, London, should have opened with an address by Nirad C. Chaudhuri who is now 85. Chaudhuri became an author at 54 with his *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*. One of the finest works of its kind, it immediately established him as an accomplished master of English prose. It has style, wit and charm, considerable evocative power and is permeated with impressive scholarship. The narrative continually opens out to include issues weightier than the immediate concerns of the writer's own family.

Chaudhuri is particularly incisive about relations between Indians (more specifically, Hindus) and Britons. His first visit to England at 57 provided him with material to produce the entertaining and enlightening *A Passage to England*. In *The Continent of Circe* he writes, with enviable originality and perception, about encounters between the Hindus in the Indian subcontinent and those who preceded and followed them: the pre-Aryan settlers, Muslims, and the British. One critic has described the book as 'a remarkable amalgam of scholarship, informed opinion, and inspired guesswork'. Taken together, these works form a trilogy of a sort. Despite his age, Chaudhuri bristles with energy of a most controversial kind, as was apparent at the seminar.

If Chaudhuri is to be called the Father of Indian Letters (in English), then the title of the Father of the Modern Indian Novel (in English) should go to Mulk Raj Anand. Born in 1905 of a coppersmith family in Peshawar, Anand spent 22 years in Cambridge, London, Dublin, and Paris. He published his first seven novels in London during the decade 1935-45, and was a familiar figure in metropolitan literary circles. He told the seminar how shocked he was to hear one of the Bloomsbury literati say that the cockneys were all right as comic characters, but they could not be taken seriously enough to be portrayed as tragic characters.

Anand took a contrary stand. Determined to produce 'literature of confrontation', and not 'literature of pleasure', he wrote a novel about Bakha, an 18-year-old Hindu outcast, entitled *Untouchable*. Not surprisingly, the manuscript was rejected by 19 publishers. Finally a small leftist publisher offered to bring it out if E. M. Forster agreed to write a preface. He did. First published in 1935, *Untouchable* is still in print. It has been translated into 49 languages, 11 of them Indian.



Rushdie: partial memories

It tells the story of a day in the life of Bakha. He inadvertently 'pollutes' a Brahmin by touching him, finds himself chased out of temple, and is punished for accidentally hurting a caste Hindu boy in a game of hockey. Bakha is then exposed to different ameliorative alternatives: conversion to Christianity offered by a Salvation Army colonel; gospel of love contained in a speech by Mahatma Gandhi; and the description, by a radical poet, of a technological future with flush toilets everywhere, a situation which would make the outcast's traditional job of cleaning latrines redundant.

Coolie, Anand's second novel, is more ambitious. Munoo, a peasant, migrates first to a small town, then to a bigger place in Punjab, and finally to Bombay and Simla. Through his life-story we see feudalism, small-scale entrepreneurial capitalism and industrial capitalism at work in India. *Two Leaves and a Bud* completes Anand's trilogy about victim-heroes. Here, the central character, Gangu, is a worker on a British-owned tea plantation in Assam.

As it happens, Skeffington Coffee Estates, owned and managed by the British, figures prominently in *Kanthapura* by Raja Rao. A realistic novel of epic proportion, *Kanthapura* (the name of a fictitious village in south India) was published in 1938, a year after *Two Leaves and a Bud*. The author was then 29, and had finished his education at Montpellier and the Sorbonne.

A Brahmin from Mysore, Rao is well-versed in Hindu philosophy and scriptures. *Kanthapura* is modelled on *Ramayana*, a Hindu epic, with the British cast in the role of the evil Ravana who had seized Sita (symbolising India), wife of the good Rama, and who was destined to be defeated by Rama, now reincarnate as Mahatma Gandhi.

Since 1965 – when he became professor of philosophy at the University of Texas, Austin – Rao has published little. 'I'm primarily interested in communicating with myself,' he explained at the seminar. 'I like to talk to myself. If I enjoy what I've heard I like others to enjoy it. I have to work for 20 to 30 years to come up to my estimation, to write the way I want to.'

This explains why there was a gap of 22 years between his first novel and the second, *The Serpent and the Rope*. Here Rao draws heavily from his own experience of marriage to a Frenchwoman which ended in divorce, creating a metaphysical debate between Rama and Madeleine – a Frenchwoman. Rao employs techniques used earlier by Henry James, Proust, Gide and James Joyce.

Unlike Rao and Anand, R. K. Narayan came to fiction-writing from journalism. This has left a definite stamp on his work, well-observed detail being an important ingredient of his stories. By always setting his novels in a single south Indian place, Malgudi, he has made the fictitious town more real than real. A comic ironist of great distinction, he published his first no-

*__Indian Literature in English: A Guide to Information Sources__ by AMARJIT SINGH *Gale Research Co., Detroit ($38, 1982).*

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vel, *Swami and his Friends*, in 1935, when he was 28. The episodic story of Swami in his college days is an amusing tale of growing up. *The Guide* (1958) is Narayan's most sophisticated work, containing a story within a story of Raju, a one-time guide to the ancient ruins near Malgudi, now revered as a holy man by the Malgudians. Together with *Untouchable* and *Kanthapura, The Guide* forms a triad of Indian fiction in English at its best.

NARAYAN was unable to attend the seminar and his place was taken by Anita Desai who belongs to the younger generation of Indian novelists. In her career, which began in 1963, she has moved steadily from morbidly introverted writing to a socially and politically inclusive narrative. A sensitive and poignant writer, she is notable for her talent to create female characters in particular. Her first novel, *Cry, the Peacock*, chronicles a young woman's mental breakdown, chiefly through interior monologues. Her latest, *Clear Light of Day*, is a portrait of a middle-class family with the main focus on Bimla, a woman professor of history. Speaking about women in Indian fiction at the seminar she made two significant points: India is a country of oral tradition; and gossip is the only form of recreation for Indian women at large.

Clear Light of Day was shortlisted for the Booker Prize in 1980. The following year this prestigious award went to Salman Rushdie for *Midnight's Children*. According to what Rushdie said at the seminar, his novel could well have been subtitled: 'My India'. 'My somewhat Proustian ambition to recreate the past free from the distortions of memory ended up as a novel about memory, so that 'My India' was just that, just one version,' he said. 'It was precisely the partial nature of my memories which made them evocative. Suddenly trivial things seemed symbolic, and the mundane acquired luminous qualities.'

Memory plays a particularly important part in the work of an exiled writer. James Joyce writing about his native Dublin during his self-exile in Paris is a case in point. 'The past is the country from which we have all emigrated, and its loss is part of our common experience,' said Rushdie. 'The writer who is out of his country and out of his language experience feels this loss in an intensified form. The past is made more concrete for him by the physical sight of his present being in a different place from the past, of his being elsewhere.'

He pointed out that he had tried in *Midnight's Children* to balance the despairing voice of Saleem, the central character, by employing a structure which was eternally generative – which 'threw up things all the time' – thus reflecting the prolific nature of India, a society with endless powers of regeneration.

Rushdie, a Muslim born in Bombay, wanting to write a book about India, decided to use his personal history fabulously to produce a work of experimental fiction: a gamble which paid off both critically and commercially. In the mid-1960s, Sasthi Brata, born of Brahmin parents in Calcutta, chose to write straight autobiography. *My God Died Young* (1968) was well received by critics. Then came *Confessions of an Indian Woman Eater*, an autobiographical novel, which the author described to the audience at the seminar as 'pornographic', advising them not to read it. *A Traitor to India*, published in 1976, completed 'the autobiographical trilogy'. It is a collection of half a dozen pieces centred on personal episodes of diverse nature. The most satisfactory are those which revolve around the writer's tortured relationship with his mother. Elsewhere, the writing is self-indulgent, and in all his books the ubiquitous 'I' is far too thrusting, exhibitionist.

Refreshingly, the 'I' in *Free Dinners* by Farrukh Dhondy is a white teenager. The short story is part of a collection, entitled *Come to Mecca*, published in 1978. Sharply observed and tautly written, these stories include Asian, West Indian and white characters. This collection came two years after the first *East End at Your Feet*. There too the focus is on teenagers, the young of multi-racial London with whom the author, then a school teacher, was familiar, a fact which shows in the quality of his work. In *Poona Company*, a 1980 collection of short stories, Dhondy returns to his native city, Poona, where he grew up as a member of the minority community of Parsees.

Dhondy told the seminar that it was his political writings which drew the attention of an eminent publisher who persuaded him to write fiction about Asian and West Indian teenagers. By the mid-1970s many publishers had realised that there was a growing demand by teachers and social workers for such literature. However, Dhondy pointed out, this is a specialist market, and being virtually commissioned to write fiction is quite exceptional.

While describing my own experience of finding a publisher for my novel *A Triangular View* (1969), I referred to the problem that Mulk Raj Anand had faced earlier, in the mid-1930s, in getting *Untouchable* accepted here. Anand was told by publishers that they felt that the British reading public was uninterested in the fate of a shunned minority in a far-off country like India. Since my novel concerned three young, professional Indians living in the Britain of the early 1960s, such reasoning could not have applied in my case.

The truth dawned on me, however, when a 'sympathetic' publisher showed me his reader's (unsigned) report on my manuscript. 'I don't think we are ready for an Indian anti-hero, *certainly not in our "own" setting*', it said. 'For myself I prefer not to think of Indians who get drunk too quickly and talk too loudly.' All told, it took me two years and 17 rejections before I found a publisher. Luckily, the acceptance was unconditional and I didn't have to persuade a Forsterian figure to write a preface before my novel could be published.

Given the crucial importance of publishers in the creation – or abortion – of literature, it was amazing to note their total absence from the seminar. The organisers should have invited at least one publisher, British or Indian, to deliver a paper. That they obviously did not was their most glaring lapse. □

SCIENCE: Steven Rose

Blaming our genes

Genetic Prophecy by ZSOLT HARSANYI and RICHARD HUTTON *Granada* £8.95

Dr Zsolt Harsanyi is a geneticist, his co-author Richard Hutton a science journalist, and in *Genetic Prophecy* they attempt to explore the role of genetics in understanding the causes and treatments of human disease. Theirs is not the best sort of popularisation. Harsanyi may have written the science, but Hutton has homogenised the prose. Again and again the contradictions between the journalist's wish to simplify and the scientist's respect for complexity show. Harsanyi wants to make the – absolutely central – point that it is meaningless to talk of genes 'for' a particular disease without specifying the environment in which the organism carrying the gene develops. For example, there is a rare hereditary condition known as phenylketonuria (PKU), due to the abnormality of a single gene. Children born with the abnormal gene lack a particular enzyme required to digest a normal constituent of the diet (the amino-acid phenylalanine, present in most proteins). One consequence of this lack is that the individual grows up mentally retarded. Yet, if one changes the environment in which the gene expresses itself, by removing phenylalanine from the diet, the child grows up practically normal. The disease of PKU is the product of a particular gene in a particular environment.

Harsanyi understands this well and says so often. Yet simultaneously his *alter ego* Hutton peppers the text with captions like 'Blame it on the genes' and 'Criminal chromosomes'. Sometimes the two speak in alternate paragraphs. 'Each gene . . . produces a single protein' we read (false); the next paragraph corrects the statement: 'The 100,000 functioning genes manage to take up only a tiny portion of the genetic material available' (true). The fact that protein products of certain genes are present more frequently in individuals who get particular diseases does not mean the genes *cause* the disease; rather they are *correlates* of it. During the 1950s the increasing incidence of coronary heart disease paralleled the rise in the issue of TV licences in Britain, but it would be foolhardy to argue that TV causes heart attacks. Harsanyi must know this. Yet here is (one must assume) Hutton claiming 'Red hair and sunlight. The combination is one of the most common causes of skin cancer, both experimentally and statistically.' Rephrased, this should read: 'red hair may be one consequence of a gene which may also contribute, in some circumstances, to skin cancer.' And so on.

I am not just being pedantic. The issues surrounding interpretation of genetic causation in the aetiology of disease are complex and of major medical and social im-

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portance. By oversimplifying these issues Harsanyi and Hutton seriously misinform their readers, who will come away from this book with the clear impression that the genetic contribution to a vast number of diseases, from pernicious anaemia to schizophrenia, are well understood, that mass screening programmes will identify a large number of potentially deleterious genotypes and that genetic counselling (advice on whether or not to have children) and genetic engineering (changing genes by biochemical manipulation) are the ways forward to a healthy society.

Despite the lip service paid to environmental causes, the overwhelming evidence for environmentally distributed inequalities in health and disease – revealed, for instance by the recently published Black report – receives no mention by Harsanyi and Hutton. Far more babies die unnecessarily in Britain or the US because of poverty and poor health care facilities than from rare genetic disorders; perinatal mortality is 2-3 times higher in social class 5 than in social class 1. Many factory processes are highly hazardous to health and many industrially used chemicals carcinogenic. Harsanyi and Hutton devote a chapter to the question of whether some people's genes render them more susceptible to chemically induced cancer and the 'ethical' question of whether firms should develop screening programmes and not employ susceptible people, as this might be cheaper than cleaning up the environment. Surprisingly, they don't discuss *positive* screening – what an advantage if only those found to have genes 'for' profit-making were taken on as managers!

The authors of *Genetic Prophecy* step gingerly round the question of whether racial differences in IQ scores are genetically determined (they are not), but plunge headlong into the argument about whether chromosomal abnormalities (the so-called XYY syndrome) may be associated with violent criminality and whether susceptibility to alcoholism or schizophrenia may be genetic. The evidence for any such possibility is fragile; a recent re-evaluation of the genetic involvement in schizophrenia by Leo Kamin makes it seem as shaky as were Cyril Burt's data in the IQ story, but caution is not part of the Harsanyi and Hutton style. Faced with evidence of the widespread incidence of depression, they go bald-headed for the genes, claiming a 'powerful argument for the existence of at least one specific genetic factor'. Yet the diagnosis of depression is more common in women than in men, in those without than with jobs, in working class than middle class. Brown and Harris's now classic Camberwell study found some quarter of all working-class mothers were suffering from depression or related conditions compared with six per cent of middle-class women. Strange genes, these, so selectively present in working-class mums without paid jobs!

The word politics crops up once in the book, when the authors describe those scientists in the US who have criticised biologically determinist ideas as 'politically-motivated'. The same phrase might be the most charitable description for the process of ignoring so much of the evidence in order to 'blame it on the genes'. □

John Mole

A Sunday painter

Parking his Citroën between the planes,
He sets an easel up and picks a brush.
Two temperate children play well-ordered games.
His wife reads Camus in a *Livre de Poche.*

He paints till lunch. The colours are discreet;
They wait there on the palette patiently
Until he needs them. One by one they meet
The nice requirements of his cautious eye.

At one o'clock *le déjeuner sur l'herbe* –
The elements compose themselves on cue.
Nothing in nature troubles to disturb
Its proper harmonies of green and blue.

The picnic hamper's little leather straps
Release a galaxy, immaculate,
Which showers domestic silver in their laps
And serves up moonlight on a porcelain plate.

Then, *de rigueur*, a brief, enchanted sleep
For wife and children as the sun resumes
Its gilded station where the painters keep
A space for it on Sunday afternoons.

He touches in a few last details, so –
His time is running out. He cleans the knife.
Ambition more than this was years ago.
He's made a decent compromise with life.

Easel and hamper packed into the car,
They set off home to plan the days ahead.
Monsieur le peintre, how talented you are,
Unique and wholesome as a loaf of bread!

FICTION: Bill Greenwell

Goose corn

Sabbatical by JOHN BARTH *Secker* £7.50
Oh What a Paradise It Seems by JOHN CHEEVER *Cape* £5.50
Hunters in the Snow by TOBIAS WOLFF *Cape* £6.95

In Boris Vian's surreal masterpiece *Froth on the Daydream* (1947) there is a moment at the Rinkspot Skating Club when

> a skating draughtswoman, at the end of a magnificent whirlwind spread eagle (which she termed a double elephant), laid an enormous egg which split open at the onlooker's feet.

This seems to me neatly to sum up what John Barth has achieved with his latest novel **Sabbatical**. It twists and turns with considerable verbal agility, makes a grand pretence at elegance, and the result is a gigantic splat. *Sabbatical* is the tale of Susan and Fenn Seckler as they return from a nine-month (hello, hello) cruise aboard their boat *Pokey*. They sail up the Chesapeake, describing their lives and loves to each other, to John Barth (who returns the compliment), and incidentally to the reader. Since they describe themselves in the third person, this lets Barth in as an interlocutor, and the pages jump with familiar quibbles about the novel form. Susan is a professor of literature, and Fenn is a failed novelist, so there is plenty of room for manoeuvre here.

Not the least of the reader's difficulties are the footnotes*. I have no objection to writers monkeying with structure, but when one has to bob continuously from the top to the bottom of the page and back, it has an inevitably stultifying effect. At first, one is ready to share the joke, and the jollity of it all made for interesting and favourable comparisons with Gilbert Sorrentino's use of the same device.† At least Barth wasn't so horribly serious about it. But as the novel grinds on, and the chummy, cuddly Melville tone is sustained, it all becomes intensely silly. By the time one is asked to listen to this –

> It would be a breach of verisimilitude to review that case‡. . .when both of us know the details. That particular narrative lapse is

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called Forced Exposition; Susan's name for it, in the classroom, is Corning the Goose. For as the hapless goose must feel, when to enlarge its liver for *pâté de foie gras* . . . the farmer . . . blows its belly full of corn, so must the reader feel when fictional characters say things . . . that between them should go without saying, just to get the author's exposition done–

one wishes to grab the Goose and pump it full of all the Corn left lying about in Barth's effusive sentences. Is it parody? Is it allegory? Is it, like Fenn's novel, 'supposed to be about the politics of political journalism' but one which has 'taken an autobiographical turn' and is 'more and more about a frustrated writer'? As Nigel Molesworth would have it, i neither kno nor care.

During one particularly outrageous passage, Barth compares the rough understanding of Vietnamese oral poetry with marvelling too late at the ecology of 'a system you've irreversibly polluted'. The late John Cleever's magnificent **Oh What a Paradise It Seems** is very much about marvelling at the environment and at our irreversible pollution of it. There is, as with Barth, some structural chicanery, but Cheever is infinitely more subtle. His disarming narrator tells us, 'This is a story to be read in bed in an old house on a rainy night'. He describes the battle waged by elderly Lemuel Sears to transform the poisoned lake in his home town into the pure, perfect pond of nostalgic memory. Sears also battles for paradise in his strange affair with the mercurial Renee, a lover whose private life includes unexplained involvement with an apparently puritan sect.

The pollution is comically solved by an individual act of mass poisoning, rather than by a hired environmentalist. The rug of the plot, however, is gradually and brilliantly pulled from under our feet. For who is the narrator? The seemingly sympathetic voice who guides us through our little idiocies is apparently speaking with casual, intelligent hindsight from some point in the future never exactly defined. He seems to think of our era in the same sentimental manner as his characters. Surely, he has a kindly eye for the absurd? And looks from a time when corruption has been flushed away? It is only suddenly that one leafs back to an early and only moment when we catch a glimpse of him. He is watching a solitary fisherman – *and waiting to assassinate him.* This quiet control of tone and structure marks out Cheever as a master of his craft, as satirist or storyteller. Only 97 pages long, this is one of the most accomplished novels I have ever read.

Hunters in the Snow is an impressive first collection of short stories. Tobias Wolff is predominantly interested in that little moralist in each of us, and how he can be challenged and changed by experience. His best and funniest story describes a sanctimonious young man giving an unbearable hitchhiker a lift. She is loudly in favour of alternative lifestyles; her horrible dog fouls the back seat of his friend and employer's car; at a service station, she devours the fast food she is busy criticising, and leaves without paying, involving him as an unwitting accomplice. Later he confesses to the car's owner, who lectures him. Suddenly, the values they have shared sound pedantic, self-righteous. This moment of revelation is the common denominator of *Hunters in the Snow,* which marks the arrival of an artful, although not always arresting talent. □

* *These reveal the identities of minor characters, explain recondite allusions, and quote at length from research into CIA and government subversion. Fenn is a former CIA man, and the novel disastrously attempts to mount an attack upon it in the midst of all the frivolity. We also learn that an average father of two has a spermatozoic 'mortality rate' of 187,200,000,000 in his life.*

† *See NS Vol. 102, no 2626 for my comment. This is the sort of bibliographical footnote that gets my goat.*

‡ *The case of a murdered CIA official. The irritation I'm doubtless causing you continues for the full 366 pages.*

POLITICS: Wiseman Khuzwayo

Not sporting

The South African Game: Sport and Racism by R. ARCHER & A. BOUILLON *Zed Press* £16.95 & £6.95

The question of sport and apartheid in South Africa is not a new one. It has been debated time and again, with the apologists claiming that sports contact with the regime would bring about some relaxation of the racist laws – which to this day, despite numerous tours by sportspeople from abroad, has not happened.

Archer and Bouillon have come out with a very detailed account of the nature of apartheid sport as it exists today. It is by far the best book published on the subject so far, and comes out appropriately on the eve of the Commonwealth games, which a few African nations are already threatening to boycott because of last year's Springbok tour of New Zealand.

The book points out the Afrikaaner dogma as the basis of apartheid in sport. It is not simply that there are not enough sports facilities for the Blacks but that various political factors come together to form the racist ideology: the social and economic environment related to the savage curtailment of black access to education, urban residence, employment and the freedom to associate, to travel and to free expression.

Sport in South Africa is both part of the class struggle and a means of oppressing the black majority. For instance, it is by no mistake of history that rugby is played by the Afrikaaner upper middle class while football is popular with the white working class and most of the black population. For the Afrikaaner rugby is like war – it symbolises the bitter struggle against the English during the Boer War; while the black people should play football as an exercise to keep them fit to do tougher work at their place of employment.

The authors come up with very intelligent analysis of the type of games that the government would allow to be integrated. Those that involve body contact directly or indirectly, like rugby and swimming, are the least likely candidates because that would spoil the white purity, while, on the other hand, games with no body contact, like tennis and badminton, are acceptable.

This perceptive book takes each popular sport chapter by chapter, with strong political and sociological analysis of why it has developed the way it has. Those who have been arguing for sporting contact with South Africa would be well advised to read it before they go into a debate again.

Its message comes out clearly:

> By invariably suppressing all forms of political and non-political organisation which express black opposition to apartheid, the white regime informs all cultural expression with a seditious character – including sport. For the powerless, condemned to silence, sport, with its overtly apolitical ideology, provides an accessible (sometimes unique) opportunity to prove in daily life the existence of an alternative to segregation and racial humiliation. The principles of non-racial organisation are in flagrant contradiction with apartheid; the non-racial sports movement is, as a result, political in character.

The book's only mistake is to go too much into the history of South Africa. One cannot understand the politics of a country without knowing its history, but in this case there seems unnecessary detail about who came to South Africa and when. □

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Shorter reviews

Swans Reflecting Elephants: My Early Years by EDWARD JAMES *Weidenfeld* £8.95

A formidable eccentric, recluse and art collector, Edward James emerges from the seclusion of the jungle to issue an autobiography recounting his early years as an extravagant ornament of the *beau monde*. He hasn't so much written this book as spoken it, in the form of a monologue directed at George Melly's tape recorder. The result is unexpectedly successful. *Swans Reflecting Elephants* is a remarkably candid book, not because James is out to titillate, but rather because the experiences of half a century ago still appear to be so fresh in his mind, in their factual detail (despite minor errors) as well as their emotional resonance.

The book is shot through with James's persistent sense of injury. He does seem to have been a push-over, easily manipulated and vulnerable. His father left him a 22,000-acre estate but no income to maintain it. His mother, Edward VII's illegitimate daughter, so tormented him that he was dry-eyed with relief when she died, at which point his sisters promptly raided his inheritance. His wife, the beautiful dancer Tilly Losch, ran circles round him; after their bitter divorce, London society ostracised him even though he was evidently the injured party. Here the book ends with a paean to nature, which James still finds more dependable than human beings.

Handsome and youthful, James was constantly prone to homosexual advances, a propensity that obsesses him. He was even pursued by his stepfather, and Tilly, looking for a pretext for divorce, tried unsuccessfully to lure him into a homosexual indiscretion. This obsession, and other recollections, prompt a cascade of wonderful vignettes: Chips Channon trying to climb into his bed, Randolph Churchill's erection, the infant James conversing with the King, James's difficulties removing Mme de Noailles' underwear, an error he made when encoding a diplomatic cable that led to Ramsay Macdonald being summoned from Chequers to deal with a non-existent crisis. Sentences abound which begin in the following irresistible manner: 'Then there was a silly girl who really thought that a deboned chicken grew like that on the farm, as one grows seedless grapes . . .'

Yet the book is not frivolous so much as artless, and this is the source of its poignancy as well as of its hilarity. James appears to have forgotten little. Garrulous, digressive, vindictive, still nursing raw wounds, he chatters away, not always coherently, and brings a vanished world vividly back to life.

Stephen Brook

Know How by GRAINNE MORBY *Pluto* £3.95
Rights, Responsibilities and the Law by JUDITH EDMUNDS *Nelson/ILEA/Cobden Trust* £2.95

One of the interesting effects of the growth in community politics, pressure groups and information centres in the Seventies was the flow of publications about people's rights. It seemed for a while, before the latest Tory cuts, that every Law Centre around the country was getting its ideas into print. The law was being made relevant in snappy, illustrated pamphlets.

There were parallel changes in public libraries. The key shift was from leisure reading to information. A major difficulty for librarians, though, was in getting hold of the relevant rights publications. Libraries were geared to dealing with traditional books not ephemeral pamphlets. So *Know How*, which is a pretty comprehensive guide to all the available rights literature, fills a gap. Morby lists over 600 publications in 14 sections – from immigration through tax, money and social security to retirement and death. This is a book not to sit down and read but to use as reference material. A few quibbles – the addresses of the two distributors of many rights pamphlets, PDC and Scottish and Northern, could have been listed. And trade union publications are not dealt with adequately. But *Know How* is an invaluable tool for anyone working in the information trades.

To make the law relevant is a significant achievement. To make it comprehensible for teenagers is an even greater one. *Rights, Responsibilities and the Law* does it through a combination of excellent graphics, real-life case histories and well-written explanations of the legislative process and legal procedures. Of course, there are parts which are a bit difficult. But it would be sacrificing accuracy too much in the cause of simplicity if there wern't.

As befits a publication with the Cobden Trust imprimatur, the tone is decidedly liberal, but it could perhaps have been done slightly more critically.

David Berry

The Radical Left in Britain: 1931-1941 by JAMES JUPP *Frank Cass* £16

Political commentators today, as Tony Benn has often pointed out, like to reduce complex issues to a simple contest of personalities: Benn v Healey, or Foot v Thatcher. This of course is deplorable, but the opposite extreme, long a failing of British left-wing writing, is to assign an independent volition to ideologies and a distinctive personality to organisations. The result, as in the first half of James Jupp's book, is a turgid recitation of names, events and dates, and is equally deplorable.

But the book fortunately redeems itself when it begins to analyse and evaluate the radical Left in the inter-war years, and becomes positively interesting when it compares those radicals with their present-day counterparts. Here the sensation that we are reliving history is quite overwhelming: a Labour government defeated at the polls amid accusations of betrayal, with an increasingly low chance of regaining power; a left wing whose power-base was the constituencies, forming a strongly vocal opposition at Conference and on the NEC; high levels of unemployment, contributing to social disorder and street violence; a numerically strong peace movement, largely impotent in the face of international aggressions. Such was the background to radical politics in the Thirties, as it is in the Eighties.

In theory, in such circumstances, the Left should thrive, but the reasons for its failure then are still much in evidence today. Disunity, factionalism and mutual suspicion were there, of course, with a large dose of dogmatic intolerance. A lot is made of the role of the Communist Party in this failure, and its ideological gymnastics can have done nothing to promote the United Front that the Left sought. But there is the fact also that the Labour establishment, even then, was jealous of its place as the historical representative of the working class, and was quick to disaffiliate any organisation which tried to usurp that role. The original Militants found themselves on the proscribed list in 1940. Such organisations, cut off from the Labour machine, quickly withered, as the subsequent history of the ILP was to demonstrate.

The book ends on a more optimistic note. Today's radical Left is better educated and organised, and less reliant on either the Labour or Communist parties. The bitterly divisive issue of how best to confront domestic and European fascism is not like to resurface. But the crucial failure of the Left in the Thirties was one of credibility – it failed to convince enough members of the working class that it had a clear and workable alternative. In this the chances are very high that history might repeat itself.

Frank Kane

The Falashas: The Forgotten Jews of Ethiopia by DAVID KESSLER *Allen & Unwin* £8.95

The author of this study attempts to unravel the mystery of how Judaism reached Ethiopia, illuminating in the process the origins of the sect of Black Jews known as the Falashas.

According to the Ethiopian national epic, the *Kebra Nagast*, the Queen of Sheba, during her famous visit to Jerusalem, was impregnated by Solomon. Their son Menelik returned years later to visit his royal father and, in apparent retaliation for Solomon's seduction of his mother, purloined the Ark of the Covenant and triumphantly proclaimed Ethiopia the new home of 'spiritual and heavenly Zion'. The present-day Falasha elders claim lineage from the bodyguard of Israelites sent by Solomon to escort Menelik back to Axum.

David Kessler, a founding member of the Minority Rights Group, Chairman of the *Jewish Chronicle* and the Falasha Welfare Association, provides a contrasting explanation. He persuasively argues that the Falashas are descendants of converts to Judaism influenced by the beliefs of the Elephantine Jewish colony existing in Upper Egypt prior to Alexander the Great.

Despite their 1,000-year isolation from world Jewry, the Falashas have shown a tenacious adherence to Mosaic law and suffered gruesomely comparable anti-Semitic oppression. An armed Jewish struggle for autonomous freedom was viciously suppressed by a massacre in the Semien mountains in 1616. Intermittent acts of arson and murder by various Ethiopian groups who accuse the Falashas of sorcery continue until today.

Kessler is also critical of the Falashan policy of the government of modern Israel. Entitlement to automatic citizenship under Israel's Law of Return was granted only in 1975. Israel, the author believes, had to tread cautiously as its special relationship with Haile Selassie might have been imperilled by requests for the right of the Falashas to emigrate to Israel. The 'Lion of Judah' regarded the remaining 30,000 Falashas as a valuable element in his society. More probably, successive Israeli governments and world Jewry were so preoccupied with attempting to secure the release of Soviet and Syrian Jewry from persecution that little time and effort could be spared for the Falashas. It is to be hoped that the regrettable neglect of an ancient and heroic people will be ended by David Kessler's eloquent exposition of their plight.

David Harounoff

At War With Humanity . . . *The People's Mojahedin Organisation, BM Box 9270, London WC1N 3XX.* £5

When the Shah's 50-year rule came to an end in Iran at the beginning of 1979, progressives around the world were both pleased and perplexed. Pleased that a pro-American dictator had been removed from power, yet perplexed about the nature and direction of the Khomeini-inspired Islamic revolution. More than three years after Khomeini's accession, anecdotal evidence about the characteristics of the regime has turned into hard fact with a recent Amnesty International report that gave details of some 4,000 executions of women, children, homosexuals, and religious and political opponents of the regime. *At War With Humanity* continues the grim story. The People's Mojahedin Organisation, the largest opposition group in Iran, estimates that the real figure is nearer 15,000, 90 per cent of whom were its supporters. The book is a simple, devastating catalogue of torture, hanging, rape and brutality on a scale which puts Khomeini in the same cess-pit of history as Stalin, Hitler and Amin. If the book helps to stimulate Western interest in the daily atrocities in Iran, in place of their obsession with the price of Iranian oil, it will have served its purpose.

Steve Walker

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JAZZ: Charles Fox

Festival variations

Capital Radio Jazz Festival *Knebworth Park*
Bracknell Jazz Festival *South Hill Park*
Duke Ellington Sacred Concert *St Paul's Cathedral*

Some sorts of jazz seem to belong indoors every bit as much as the pibroch needs open countryside to wail in. On the face of it, a valley in Hertfordshire, even when crammed with 18,000 paying customers, seems an unlikely spot in which to encounter the classic blues singing of Sippie Wallace. But, as she explained afterwards, she performed as a girl in tents in the South as well as on the notorious TOBA circuit (the acronym stands for Theatre Owners' Booking Association, but was frequently interpreted as 'Tough on black asses'). Unfazed by the stately home on top of the hill, aided by new-fangled microphones, Sippie (she'll be 84 next November) extolled the excellence of good jelly-roll and catalogued the perils of advertising your man's manliness. In the background, Doc Cheatham – a relative stripling of 77, his spine upright as a guardsman's, trumpet held exactly horizontal – fashioned *obbligati* nearly as ravishing as those Louis Armstrong played behind the singer on records of over half a century ago.

Not that the **Capital Radio Jazz Festival** aimed at providing any kind of living museum. Far from it. A high proportion of Sunday's sweating crowd had been lured by the fusion and rock bands – Spyro Gyra, Shakatak, The Crusaders – just as they had the day before by B. B. King and the gentle reggae singing of Jimmy Cliff. So, as well as the quivering antennae being worn by children and a handful of adults ('Be An Alien For A Day' said the notice on the stall), there were knotted dreadlocks and a few white faces daubed with paint. Similarly, at **Bracknell** a fortnight earlier the presence of Pigbag and Rip, Rig and Panic (not so exciting when heard cheek by jowl with band like Lester Bowie's) attracted listeners whose hairstyles resembled those plumes worn on their helmets by Greek soldiers hurrying off to do something about Troy.

These festivals are subsidised in different ways: Bracknell by arts bodies and local councils, Capital Radio by the profits from phone-ins and those jockeyings of the Top Twenty. Different aims also appear to be involved. Capital Radio presumably feels a need to seem conspicuously successful, which explains the sprinkling of rock bands and the reliance on big American names. Bracknell's image is, to use a limp but fashionable word, caring: solicitous about the health of British jazz as well as presenting the more adventurous American and continental Europeans. A couple of works get commissioned every year (this time Barbara Thompson came up with a suite about Sri Lanka, while Bobby Wellins took a nostalgic glance at the days when he first arrived in London). Inside the house the panelled Recital Room and the Cellar Bar, a sort of dungeon with cushions, became the scenes for activities which might arouse derision at Knebworth. One afternoon was devoted to experiments with the human voice, including hi-jinks from Maggie Nichols and Julie Tippetts (she was Julie Driscoll before she married the accomplished jazz pianist, Keith Tippett), followed by vocal and facial contortions from Phil Minton which suggested what might happen if one of Francis Bacon's screaming popes was wired for sound.

Dizzy Gillespie

Events with a broader appeal took place in the marquee, to be replaced in a year or two (if the money rolls in) by what the programme calls a purpose-built auditorium. Meanwhile it was in this setting, traditionally associated with flower shows and silver band contests, that the Lester Bowie group zipped through a lightning survey of black show-biz, with intermittent forays into Coltrane territory. Bowie's ex-wife, Fontella Bass, and her sister Martha, both possessors of richly passionate voices, helped out with blues and gospel-based songs. This set was also a convincing demonstration of how close are the links between some black American avant-garde jazz (Bowie plays trumpet regularly with the Art Ensemble of Chicago) and the older black musical traditions. Yet the festival's high point was really the partnership between the South African pianist, Dollar Brand (he's a Cape coloured), who now calls himself Abdullah Ibrahim, and the American saxophonist and flautist, Carlos Ward, a musician capable – the gift is rarer than most people imagine – of playing simply but with fervour. Brand even came up with a protest song that contrived to be neither banal nor boring ('South African sunshine/See how the guns shine'). Music like that provided by this trio works well at Bracknell, where a close intimacy exists between performers and listeners.

AT KNEBWORTH only the astute or the highly dedicated could get close enough to the stage to see what the musicians looked like. Others had to rely upon a distant presence (binoculars helped, of course) and amplification that was distinct but sometimes marred by the sound-balancer – obviously a man reared on rock music – giving too much prominence to bass

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players. Clarity of intention was rewarded. So Jay McShann's pick-up band, with Benny Bailey taking eloquent trumpet solos, came across well. So did the father-and-son partnership of Von and Chico Freeman, their different styles on tenor saxophone mingling fruitfully. That group also contained Bobby McFerrin, the most adventurous male scat singer to emerge since Leo Watson, and who possesses, among other uncanny talents, the ability to make his voice vibrate exactly like a muted trumpet. Those performers reappeared a few hours later, this time alongside Dizzy Gillespie, who had (so he confided later) been working with a different band on every day of his perambulation through Europe. If Gillespie's on-stage ebullience seemed slightly dampened (most of Sunday's performers had flown in after missing a night's sleep), at least he concentrated upon his actual trumpet playing, still one of the most individual sounds in jazz.

But perhaps the most rewarding music at Knebworth came as a postscript to Saturday's happenings. Red Norvo and Tal Farlow flew in too late to appear in their allotted place on the programme. Instead, they played a curtailed set at the very end, when the audience for B. B. King was drifting away and an enthusiastic group of devotees clustered around the stage to admire the intricate and sensitive interlocking of vibraharp and guitar. British jazz got a look-in on both days, but all the groups were well known: Ian Carr's Nucleus, the Ronnie Scott Quintet, Georgie Fame and the Ray Premru-Bobby Lamb Big Band. Only at Bracknell, perhaps, could Trevor Watts' Moiré Music, an ingenious and exhilarating experiment in overlaying solo lines and textures, have been acclaimed as one of the weekend's major successes. Bracknell's next jazz festival is a year away, but Knebworth still has a Saturday and Sunday to come (July 24 and 25), when there looks like being more out-and-out jazz: the resurrected Modern Jazz Quartet, Art Blakey with his new Jazz Messengers, and two big bands, one led by Gerry Mulligan (that 1950s crew-cut is now just a fond memory), the other controlled – if that's the right word – by another septuagenarian, Lionel Hampton.

AT LEAST the patronage of either commercial radio or arts and local councils never interfered too much with the music at these festivals; not, at any rate, to the extent that television intruded upon events at **St Paul's Cathedral**. The snag was that this project needed very big names, so Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Rod Steiger were recruited as narrators, Jacques Loussier stepped up to take a piano solo, and Tony Bennett was just one of several star singers. To cover the outlay a deal had to be struck with television. At first the TV lighting seemed a bonus; but soon a floor manager was directing the applause, and what had been planned as an on-the-spot celebration was being halted for re-takes.

No doubt everything will look immaculate when the programme turns up in our living rooms. But, as an indignant onlooker shouted from just to the rear of your reviewer: 'TV kills live entertainment!' □

MUSEUMS: Jules Lubbock

A private view of public pleasure

The Rayner Scrutiny *DES*

The most damaging feature of the Rayner Scrutiny of the Victoria & Albert and Science Museums is not the threat to close the Museum of Childhood at Bethnal Green, the Theatre Museum and other branches unless they can be made to pay, so much as its underlying principles. Were they adopted for all national museums, as the report suggests, we would have institutions even more socially exclusive and geographically restricted than they already are. And who is to say what would be in store for local authority museums and for the Arts Council? If protests over specific cuts were to divert attention from these far-reaching implications, the long-term effects could be disastrous.

The report appears cunningly not to disclose its underlying principles. It merely suggests that in each museum a committee of curators assisted by a new administrator (in effect a Finance Director) should formulate policy in terms of costed priorities. But then the author of the report, Gordon Burrett, a superannuated senior civil servant, pre-empts this role by laying down his own priorities for each area. By tabulating his priorities one can infer his principles. The very highest are the physical security of the objects, their conservation and curatorial scholarship. Lowest are branch museums, provincial services and education. The importance of the display and elucidation of the collections to the public is mentioned only in passing.

This is not cost-effectiveness, nor even a Marks and Spencer approach – M&S have provincial branches and make great play of their Brixton operation. It is not privatisation either. In fact, Burrett accepts the case for public subsidy and admits that his proposed admission charges would make only a small contribution. It is something far sillier and also more pernicious. On the one hand it is a crass conception of museums as a kind of Art Pension Fund, valued at over £1 billion, which must be well-guarded; but far worse than that is the notion of a museum as a 'repository of knowledge for its own sake . . . even if its doors are never opened to the public'. Because pure scholarship has no popular appeal or commercial utility it must be subsidised. So, the reason why Bethnal Green and the Theatre Museum get the axe is that their loss 'would be more to public pleasure than to essential knowledge and scholarship'. Mr Burrett has written scholarly articles on old water-colours and lives in Esher – his pleasures deserve to be state-subsidised, but the popular pleasures of the children of Bethnal Green, or Bradford or York should not. It is as vicious and self-interested as that.

TWENTY years ago and more, when curators enjoyed lucrative sinecures to pursue private research, and resisted all efforts to extend public appreciation as unscholarly, a strong case could have been made that the taxpayer was not getting value for money. But Roy Strong and Michael Levey at the National Gallery, both respected scholars passionately committed to disseminating our national culture to the very widest public, have changed all that. Museums have become cheerful, even popular places. This is only a beginning. The visual arts are still greatly under-appreciated. But now Burrett blunders along arguing that this hard-won popularity is a reason for charging admission. The surviving sinecurists will be delighted. Once again they will be free to scorn the interests of the lay public. The new Finance Director will no doubt franchise all public services to Madame Tussaud's, which could draw upon collections of nude photography and Japanese pillow-books to mount really popular and remunerative exhibitions.

IN THE case of the V&A there is a still more serious objection to Burrett's absurd hierarchy of so-called high art and pure scholarship. The museum was founded to increase general visual awareness on commercial as well as on spiritual grounds. Successful industrial designers draw upon the widest variety of sources including theatre, toys, Duchamps and Donatellos. Industrial design needs to be popular; week by week British firms go bankrupt through disregard of this. And you cannot separate culture from commerce – commerce is the production and reproduction of a culture. Where would Sony be without symphony orchestras and pop-groups? Roy Strong has re-affirmed this responsibility, which enjoys the implicit support of our Prime Minister. Is it credible that a Rayner Scrutiny should be unaware of this?

Astonishingly the answer is yes, as was obvious to anyone who witnessed the examination of the hapless Burrett before the Commons Select Committee, when he was forced to blurt out that these so-called principles were pure Burrett, his own invention, which he was totally unqualified to formulate, that he was inexpert in Rayner methods.

Burrett bungled. His report is a slovenly and ill-informed document unworthy of any government. It does not constitute a serious basis for any discussion, let alone for major decisions damaging to national institutions. The Arts Minister has already rejected the imposition of general museum charges; the only sensible decisions which remain to be taken are to leave poor Burrett to enjoy his retirement and his water-colours, to withdraw his report, and to get Rayner himself to conduct a scrutiny, sponsored by Marks and Spencer, into a scandalous waste of £28,648 of public funds, of which the £7,448 paid to Burrett ought to be returned. It would help if the Directors of all national museums joined in demanding this, and it would not come amiss for some industrialists, including Mr Terence Conran, whose Boilerhouse Project enjoys rent-free accommodation in the V&A, to join them in affirming the contribution of museums to our industrial regeneration. □

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TELEVISION: Nina Hibbin

Down to earth

ONCE over its debilitating spell of Cup Fever, TV sprang into life with a fairish spread of goodies that edged routine old films and repeats into the background where they belong. Upfront, there was something for everyone, from the high art of Janet Baker's farewell performance in the handsomely mounted Donizetti opera **Mary Stuart** (BBC-1) to the broad comedy of the Great Bedroom Farce, which capped wars and strikes to gain top billing on most of the news and discussion programmes, and which, by coincidence, added a keen edge of topicality to the three-part investigation **The Police and the Public** (Granada). And then there was the special pleasure of **Cloud Howe** (BBC-2), Bill Craig's affectionate dramatisation of the Lewis Grassic Gibbon novel.

I am in two minds about screen adaptations – not for what they might do to the book but what they might do to TV. Are they an easy get-out – a diversion from the longer-term and more challenging business of stimulating major new works in the four-part or six-part form which is television's own creation? Does the attention they attract encourage screen-writers to think like novelists, in words rather than in pictures? It's a matter of priorities and proportions, I suppose, and whether there is anyone up there keeping check. For it would obviously be absurd for TV to turn its back on all that wealth of literature – the well-known, the neglected or the forgotten – waiting to be given another form of life. And when the book is *Cloud Howe,* the middle part of Gibbon's amazing trilogy *A Scots Quair,* one can only be thankful that it doesn't.

I had not seen Bill Craig's version of *Sunset Song,* the first part of the trilogy, when it was shown 11 years ago, so I couldn't imagine how a book that depends so much on a subjective style of vernacular prose, with a shifting interior viewpoint and more thinking than talking, could be transferred to the screen. The problems must have been enormous. There was perhaps no way of avoiding a certain amount of literariness; it was inevitable that the voice-over thoughts of the central character, Chris, would sometimes overwhelm the images. But the harsh lyricism of Alex Scott's photography of the rolling Scottish countryside captured the spirit of the book. By the end of the first episode (under Tom Cotter's direction) the characters had emerged in such depth and variety, and the life-styles of a small country town in the period just after the First World War – the gossip, the bigotry, the social conflicts, the humour – had become so convincing that initial doubts were overcome.

A cornerstone of the story is the contrast between the remarkable Chris (Vivien Heilbron) – free-thinking, proudly independent daughter of a peasant family, widowed in the war and now remarried – and her new husband, Robert (Hugh Frazer), an idealistic man of the Church. Despite her two marriages, Chris is still very much her own person, facing life squarely in her own terms and quietly maintaining her special brand of down-to-earth humanism alongside Robert's naive belief that he can transform a corrupt and entrenched community into a brave new world by appealing from the pulpit to people's better nature.

Such a delicate relationship demands – and got – a strong sense of character from the players, and although Vivien Heilbron's Chris isn't quite as robust as I had imagined her, she nevertheless glows with life. I'm hooked for the rest of this four-part production – not so much to find out what happens next as to revisit the little town and to meet the people again.

I'm not in two minds about the resurrection of mannered old museum pieces like Somerset Maughan's tiresome comedy **The Breadwinner** (Yorkshire), in the ITV Playhouse season. The season had started well with an interesting new play in each of its first two weeks. What happened? Did Yorkshire run short of writers? Even if the policy is to mix the old with the new, the choice needn't have been so flat. I suppose somebody considered it a good acting vehicle. But while stylish acting, live on stage, can sometimes mask the shallowness of the material, it has the opposite effect on the little box at home.

The guardians of the law were on their best behaviour in *The Police and the Public.* Confronted by a wily modulator (a different one for each session) assailing them with questions about hypothetical cases, they answered up like sixth-formers at the end-of-term orals. As far as they were concerned, this was a PRO exercise to demonstrate the care and conscience with which they operate the law in the period between suspicion and arrest. Only the brightest of them seemed to realise that they were being detained within an ingenious – and highly entertaining – format which offered viewers a totally different option.

Stinging twists in the step-by-step exposition of the imaginary cases drew revelations of some alarming practices, which the police obviously took for granted and which demonstrated, among other things, that there is one set of pre-arrest procedures for lounge-suited suspects and another for those who sport leather jackets or wear their hair longer or shorter than average.

Big-wigs from the legal and political worlds were on hand to put in an occasional word, but, refreshingly, nobody was there to enunciate the last word or to tell us what to think. Viewers were free to draw their own conclusions about our legal system and the police force it has created in its own image. The screening of the sessions on three consecutive nights gave the investigation a cohesion that added to its impact – or would have if the final session hadn't been the one with the weakest construction and the mildest modulator. □

FILMS: John Coleman

Hardware

Rocky III (A) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (A) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*
The Secret of NIMH (U) *Classic, Haymarket*

Seven years ago, a little-known actor called Sylvester Stallone wrote himself a peach of a part, that of an amiable no-hope pugilist in darkest Philadelphia who gets his chance to survive a bout with the current world heavyweight champ. *Rocky* proved to be a disgracefully exhilarating experience and not the least of its mitigations was the slurring, comical stream-of-unconsciousness meandering out of Rocky's mouth as he strutted the tenement streets. The rough diamond sparkled through a fog of unreason. There was the training for the fight, of course, and the final choreographed combat: these probably sold the tickets, since all the world loves a winner and nowhere more so than in the States where the notion that anyone can become one has since received ample justification in the person of its president. But, the gladiatorial and democratic nonsenses apart, there was a real appeal in the stumblebum Rocky/Stallone character, and quite a lot of this was maintained in the sequel, *Rocky II,* in which Stallone this time also directed himself towards another crack at the black titleholder. Chasing chickens as part of his pre-match build-up, he snarled at his manager, battered Burgess Meredith, 'I feel like a Kentucky Fried Idiot'. Not even rising from the canvas in the last seconds to beat the count, and win, could top moments like this.

Such creative affluence, then, a steady overspill of language, was a cherishable element in these rogue-to-riches fairy tales; and it is no virtue of **Rocky III** that it presents a Stallone altogether more streamlined, not merely tastefully tailored but less verbally shaggy, disinclined to extravagant mumblings. An opening montage sequence reads the new news: this Rocky smiles from the cover of *Newsweek,* is snapped with Reagan and Bob Hope, has it made. He's still no elocutionist and his pleasures are simple ones, like sharing the breakfast Wheaties with solemn small son under a chandelier; but he is ringed in by plot exigencies. Where to go from the top? Stallone the writer has found an obvious answer to that: first of all, down. A Mohican-tonsured black fighter, the awesome Clubber Lang (played with an Ali-relish by one Mr T., ex-bodyguard to such as Ali and Leon Spinks) taunts him into a challenge fight – and whups him. Manager Burgess Meredith dies in the dressing room just after, in a scene of extensive pathos, and it is to be another black boxer (Carl Weathers), the fellow Rocky dethroned in the past, who is to pop up obligingly and urge heartbroken Rocky to train for a second shot at Clubber. To achieve this, he tugs the 'Italian Stallion' away

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from the razzmatazz, back to the cheap hotels and acrid gyms of LA. It works, but not before Rocky's missus (Talia Shire) has told her wavering husband – in the longest speech in the film – to get his act together. And one had fondly thought it was always the man who knew a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. The climactic fight, incidentally, is absurd, even by prevalent film standards, with fists chopping in like axes and Clubber perpetrating a foul monumental. Distinctly rocky by my count.

On to the 23rd century and a second treat for trekkies everywhere. Nicholas Meyer, who previously directed the fantasy *Time After Time,* takes over the control-panel for **Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan,** which has Admiral James T. Kirk (William Shatner) yanked thankfully out of retirement to man the good old Enterprise once more. Although his reluctance is feigned, his muttering found many a middle-aged echo in the auditorium: 'Galloping around the cosmos is a game for the young'. Khan (Ricardo Montalban), an enemy from a TV episode, oddly garbed for a refugee from 1999, in torn Sherwood Forest gear, steals a space craft to zoom headily after Kirk and his faithfuls, zapping up a storm and mouthing such archaisms as 'From hell's heart I stab at thee!' Leonard Nimoy's Spock – word has, I believe, already got around – lays down his half-Vulcanite life for the common good: 'Don't grieve, Admiral. It is logical,' and is fittingly played out to 'Amazing Grace' on the bagpipes by engineer Scotty (James Doohan). Since the Spock coffin is last seen resting amid planetary verdure created by a Genesis machine that figures large in the plot, all hope should not perhaps be abandoned. But that also assumes a *Star Trek III* . . .

On the credit side here, there are some tolerable hardware effects and the sudden apparition of a magic Eden in the heart of a dead planet. 'You did all this *in a day?*' cries an incredulous Kirk to the woman i/c Genesis (by whom it further transpires he has a grown-up son). Tell that to the special effects men. Other authentic laughs come in Kirk's irritated recourse to specs tactlessly given him as a birthday present and in a subtitled exchange in Vulcanite between Spock and a tweak-eared new woman crew member. 'He's so human,' breathes the lass, meaning Kirk. Wait for it. Spock: 'No one's perfect'.

To go by **The Secret of NIMH,** a strangely broken-backed piece from an ex-Disney group led by Don Bluth, the state of animation would seem to be suspended. That is not quite fair, maybe, to a few stretches of this story of a brave little widowed mouse, Mrs Brisby, and her adventures with other rodents, an owl, a crow as a tractor threatens her cement-block home (her youngest has pneumonia, too). The acronym in the title stands apparently for the National Institute for Mental Health; and a stark short and evil sequence showing animated rats prisoners in a laboratory abruptly pops in and out of the action. All ends with wilful speed thanks to the intervention of a magic amulet. Excellent voices in this confusing, soupily musicked, would-be inspirational farrago belong to Elizabeth Hartman, Hermione Baddeley and Dom DeLuise. □

THEATRE: Benedict Nightingale

Getting fresh

Waiting for Godot by SAMUEL BECKETT *Young Vic*
The Dark Lady of the Sonnets and **The Admirable Bashville** by BERNARD SHAW *Open Air*
Cavell by KEITH BAXTER *Chichester*

Even today there are plenty of people willing to dismiss Beckett's 30-year-old study of aimlessness and boredom as an aimless bore itself. Certainly, the feeling that **Godot** is tolerable only if tarted up seems to lie behind Ken Campbell's revival at the Young Vic. The barren road, with withered tree, has become the back-end of a railway station long since Parkerfied or Thatcherised or otherwise rendered shabbily redundant. What was presumably once its parking lot is a junkyard containing everything from hampers to footballs, bikes to pogo-sticks; and the impression of jumble and excess is bolstered by the tramps themselves, who can hardly let loose a syllable without mimicking Prince Charles, Enoch Powell, Eric Morecambe, Russell Harty or some less specific but equally vivid category of contemporary. Pozzo is a stationmaster given to doing Goon Show imitations through his nose, Lucky a railway porter. The boy who announces Godot's non-arrival is lurchingly drunk, or maybe high on glue. Those whom Beckett created old are, Pozzo excepted, as young as the audience for whom the production is presumably designed.

I hope they enjoy it, but I fear that 'it' may not be precisely *Godot.* As anyone familiar with modern fashions in classical revival should know, there's such a thing as true freshness of approach and something, far commoner, that can only be called false or fake freshness. The former reveals itself in the startling new insights it plucks from the text as it is; the latter betrays itself by imposing upon that text a factitious glitter, whether physical or intellectual or whatever; and Mr Campbell's preference is, I fear, too often for the second sort. True, there's a strong element of vaudeville in the play, and, true, many productions under-estimate it. True, Mr Campbell's approach brings with it such harmless amusements as the line 'I don't like talking into a vacuum' delivered into an antique cleaning machine. But where's the power and seriousness of, for instance, 'They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more'? Where's the pain and pathos, not to mention the feeling of endless, murderous waiting, waiting, waiting? Mr Campbell's tramps would probably send Godot packing if he ever deigned to come. They are having quite enough frisky fun in his absence.

Shaw was a bardophile who took sly relish in sniping at Shakespeare and upsetting the adulation-industry. Hence, among other irritants, the two short pieces revived in Regents Park, the first a pastiche Elizabethan romance about a lady's love for a prizefighter, the second an account of how the Swan of Avon burst through the royal security screen and delivered Elizabeth I a lecture about the need for a National Theatre. **The Admirable Bashville,** designed to demonstrate how very easy Shakespearean verse is to compose, manages instead to sound as if it was randomly improvised by our vegetarian wit between the nettle soup and the radish salad. Only occasionally – as in 'the world's a chessboard, and we the merest pawns i' the fist of Fate', an example of the Bard's supposed philosophic vacuity – does a blow land, and then only glancingly. **Sonnets** is less slack, and also funnier, since it homes in on Shakespeare the man, whom Shaw scurrilously guesses to be a smooth-talking narcissist in constant danger of forgetting the fine phrases he steals from those around him. *Elizabeth:* 'Season your admiration for a while'. *Will* (whipping out his writer's notebook): 'What was that? Suspend your admiration for a space . . .?'

Helen Ryan and David Whitworth play the encounter beautifully. Indeed, the acting in Regents Park is generally much better than I can recall for some time at that muggy address. As for **Cavell,** well, Joan Plowright injects as much feeling as decorum allows into the part of the First World War nurse whose instinct was to command and whose pride was to do her duty; and it's not her fault if that isn't much. The truth is that there isn't anything very interesting to say about the character up to her arrest and execution; and even then it is difficult to render her dramatic, since she was so unheroically heroic. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2729 **Set by Rev. O'Lachun**

Ladybird books are currently offering younger readers *His Holiness Pope John Paul II* by Joan Collins. Compers are challenged to produce extracts (up to 100 words) from this work by 6 August – and without blasphemy or obscenity.

No 2726 **Set by PC 49**

Clerihews about places abroad.

Report **By Mercy Dash**

What a mind-boggling range of places you seem to be familiar with. Not that you always manage to appreciate their *better* qualities. There was a certain lamentable tendency to concentrate on matters excremental and olfactorily unpleasant. However, so many sacks-full of clerihews were heaved up the stairs by sweating messengers that I was able to rule out all references to drains and their ilk, censor the more shameless descriptions of the dreadfully naughty things some of you appear to do on your hols, feed into the shredder all versions of 'Florida is horrider/torrider', and still have far too many to choose from. Commiserations to the numerous but unnamed runners-up and a blue note for each clerihew printed.

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Yokohama
Is famed for its drama,
So, if you're asked to see a show,
Say, 'Noh'.

Calais
Est une bonne place pour aller
Pour le cheese
Et les duty-frees.
C. FEVER

Sark
Is quiet after dark.
Anything else would inflame
The Dame.
E. O. PARROTT

I'm not gone
On Bonn:
All those consequential Boches
In shiny leather mackintoches.
RUFUS STONE

Majorca,
According to Lorca,
Was fine for visiting graves, providing
You didn't mind riding.
CHARLES HENNESSY

They've had to stop dancing the conga
In Tonga –
That is, until they've succeeded in making Tonga
A little longer.
ANDREW MCEVOY

Benidorm
Is just like any dorm –
Full of bodies, sweat
And people getting wet.
F. PITT-KETHLEY

Inghilterra.
Che brutta cera!
No posso capire
Perche Giulio Cesare ha mai pensato di venire.
ROSALIND WHIBLEY (OF ROME)

Cologne
Is known
For the odour
Of its 'Eau de-'
M. K. CHEESEMAN

If Madeira
Were much nearer
It would not only seem funny
But be rather less sunny.
HARRISON EVERARD

There's no more exhilarating place for an erotic misdemeanour
Than the English garden at Taormina,
Whose boys have always thought it highly commendable
To be vendable.
ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

The Malvinas
Are rarely seen as
South America's answer to Guernsey in high season
For some reason.
CYNTHIA HALL

Mykonos
Can sicken us
With its ultra-chic
Sun-sex-and-sand mystique.
NICHOLAS MURRAY

At the Club Med
You may dress for bed,
But by day clothing is eschewed.
One even dines in the nude.
JOHN SWEETMAN

Grasse
Is difficult to surpass
If your bent
Is scent.
PETER E. SILLIS

Cannes
Is not without a certain élan,
But not recommended for railmen or nurses,
Being a place for bottomless purses.
CYRIL HUGHES

TAKING PART

John McVicar

The unacceptable chin of English football

AT THE END of this month the programme-maker heavies of British TV gather in Edinburgh for their annual Festival. With the proximity of Network 4, breakfast TV, and the growth of the cable/satellite lobby it's appropriate that this year's theme is 'TV in transition'. The session on sport was initially felt to be a lighter area of discussion and perhaps no more than a genuflection towards a staple but non-controversial category of TV programming (approx 10 per cent of output). However, the present future over the part played by *Match of the Day* presenter, Jimmy Hill, in the rebel football tour of South Africa could make it into one of the liveliest sessions.

Although the tour has collapsed in ignominous and expensive failure, it raised wider issues than just racism. TV is making sport ever more attractive as a vehicle for endorsing commercial products (the tour was backed by South African Breweries). Moreover the introduction of cable TV over the coming decade – when the chief placebo for mass unemployment could well be 'the leisure age' with TV sport a basic ingredient – will magnify these trends.

In 1976, the world governing body of football, FIFA, expelled South Africa from international competition because of it segregationist policies. The SA football council has since integrated the game (which is played and watched largely by blacks) but FIFA, mindful of the overall impact of apartheid, hasn't lifted the ban. The promoters of the SA tour justified flouting it by saying in effect that FIFA is playing politics, not football. The tour's 'consultant and mediator', Jimmy Hill, presents himself to critics as a kind of missionary for multi-racial soccer in South Africa. As for money being a motive, he insists he's 'not discussed money at all'.

It must be the only time in his footballing career that he hasn't. Over 20 years ago he was instrumental in breaking the wage controls imposed on British players. In the mid-seventies he got himself appointed as football adviser to the King of Saudi Arabia. Then, from his base as manager of Coventry City Football Club, he moved to the next footballing frontier – the American market.

He invested his own and the club's money in backing a series of American clubs: first Detroit Express, which went bankrupt; then the Washington Diplomats (managed by his son), which collapsed losing Coventry City some £300,000. However, this was not before a lot of eyebrows had been raised by the apparently cheap price at which Coventry City sold some of its players to American clubs.

Expatriate South African John Rex, professor of sociology at Warwick University, is a long-time fan of Coventry City and critic of Hill's stewardship of the club. At the weekend he said to me that, as long as it was legal, Hill 'has always let his hunger for money override everything else'. What especially grates with Rex is Hill's pontificating on *Match of the Day* on everything moral in football – fouls, refereeing, football hooliganism, the barracking of black players. While Hill isn't a racist, his statements in this area do point up the hypocrisy of his defence of the tour. After all, the sum offered to Nottingham Forest striker Justin Fashanu to join the tour is reputed to be £100,000! Fashanu, who is black, commented on his refusal to go: 'If it had been a case of helping the non-whites over there I would have gone. I've turned down more money than many people earn in a lifetime.' Hill claimed that the players were being offered rates comparable to their earnings in normal fixtures.

FROM THE gladiators onwards, politicians have courted favour with the public by associating themselves with sporting heroes. Sports' sponsorship, however, is a new phenomenon. In Britain company investment in sport, mainly because TV coverage means back-door advertising, is running at £50m a year. In America the TV and advertising side to sport is a billion dollar industry.

The BBC and the IBA have responded to this form of advertising every bit as spinelessly as BBC's sports department's response to Hill. We can watch Martina Navratilova winning the ladies' singles at Wimbledon wearing the eye-catching design of Kim cigarettes. TV cricket and motor racing both promote smoking. Yet Football League champions Liverpool can't wear their new Hitachi-branded shirts when playing televised matches.

The whole future of sports' sponsorship now hangs on the government implementing plans to lay the cable system necessary to introduce pay cable TV. Surveys suggest that after movies, sport is one of the most popular forms of programming and cable is uniquely equipped to supply it. One executive of the company running the Milton Keynes cable experiment (described on p12) told me quite emphatically that 'sport is what really sells cable'.

Sport can never be a training ground for politics. The good sportsman or woman is one who respects the rules and abides by the rulings of the referee. It's not surprising, then, that when offered an endorsement deal most players only query the fee. But I hope now that FIFA and our own controlling bodies will use their quite considerable clout to sanction Hill and his rebels and that the BBC will condemn the way he has exploited the image he has acquired through his TV punditry in an attempt to legitimise his (now failed) SA tour. □

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Appointments

BANKING INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION

The Natinal Executive Committee of the Banking Insurance and Finance Union has agreed that there shall be a new position of:

DEPUTY GENERAL SECRETARY of the Union

The duties will involve deputising for the General Secretary, the secretaryship of the union's English Clearing Banks Section Council, national negotiations in the English clearing banks, responsibility for data processing and data control in the union, and co-ordination, direction and reporting in other negotiating and administrative matters of the union.

The position is permanent and pensionable. The salary is **£17,500 per annum** and a car will be provided.

The successful applicant will be based in the union's headquarters at Sheffield House, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon.

Application forms and a list of duties are available from the Union's headquarters. Completed application forms must be returned to the union's headquarters **(Sheffield House, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NJ)** ***by Monday 23 August 1982.***

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER

(SO1 – 1 July increase pending – £8,190-£8,733 + L.W.)

The principal objective of Southwark Co-operative Development Agency is to help form and promote worker co-operatives in Southwark.
We are now seeking our first worker. The person appointed will be expected to promote the concept and formation of co-operatives and also provide support and guidance to the existing co-ops in the Borough.

ASSISTANT WORKER

(£4,628 + L.W.)

In addition to the above post the CDA will require a worker to assist in the day to day running of the Agency.
Applicants for this post must be registered unemployed for six months (1 year if over 25).
The closing date for both posts is 6 August 1982. For details please contact:
Stephen Slater, Southwark Co-operative Development Agency, 135 Rye Lane, Peckham SE15 4ST.
Tel: 01-732 3731 or 01-732 9776/7

Birmingham Co-operative Development Agency

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER £8,991-£9,993

The Birmingham CDA wants to appoint a third Development Worker. Duties include giving advice and information to new and established co-operatives and developing a network of support services and promotional material.

Experience of working in a co-operative or small business is desirable with knowledge in one of the following areas:
Financial control, marketing or group development skills.

Job descriptions and applications forms are available from:
Birmingham CDA, c/o EDU, West Midlands County Council, County Hall, 1 Lancaster Circus, Queensway, Birmingham, B4 7DJ. Telephone 021-300 6666.
The closing date for applications is: **16 August 1982**

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£7,371-£7,875 + L.W.
Experienced community worker sought to help establish new centre for unemployed in Southwark.

CEP CENTRE WORKER £4,628 + L.W.
Must be over 18, registered unemployed for 6 months (1 year if over 25).

Closing date 6 August. For details apply SCVS, 135 Rye Lane, London SE15. Tel: 01-732 3731 or 01-732 9776/7.

AU PAIR/COMPANION needed for cheerful, disabled old lady. Much free time. Tel: 01-346 3335.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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FURTHER EDUCATION TEACHER (trained plus Honours Social Science degree), with wide experience in youth social work (including field of youth unemployment), returning to England mid 1983 after ten years working in Germany, seeks interesting and worthwhile employment for his multi-farious talents. Box 4420.

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Meetings

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 01-930 3647. IT'S CONSEQUENCES, a series of seminars on Information Technology: Tues 27 July at 7.30. PRIVACY: A FREE OR SECRET STATE? and on Thurs 29 July at 7.30, THE MASS MEDIA: DIVERSITY OR STANDARDISATION?. All tickets £1.25 bookable.

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for pamphlets, booklist, informal question/answer meeting. Sunday, 25 July, 8 p.m. 'Conversations on Occultism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

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Further details from the Admissions Tutor, Women's Studies, Postgraduate School of Applied Social Studies, University of Bradford, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD7 1DP.

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16-24 July

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 23 JULY

LONDON SW1. Hindi film season at ICA, The Mall. Tel: **01-930 3647.**
23-25 JULY, LONDON SW1. Cronenberg season continues with 'The Brood'. £1.75. ICA, The Mall. Tel: **01-930 3647.**
LONDON, CHISWICK. 'Marxism & Darwinism', 'Horatio' (Socialist Standard). Old Chiswick Town Hall, Sutton Ct Rd.
23-24 JULY, LONDON W1. 'Evolution Fights Back', British Humanist Association Annual Conference. Details: **01-937 2341.**
LONDON WC1. Angel Parra in concert. Org. Chile Cultural Centre. £3. Tel: **01-359 2276.**
23-25 JULY, LONDON N6. 'Writers Inc' TV comedy writers in performance. £2 (£1 u/w) 8.30 p.m. Jackson's Lane Community Centre, Archway Rd. Tel: **01-341 1884.**

SAT 24 JULY

CROYDON. 'Aaargh, No its 'orrible!!' by Covent Garden Community Theatre. Fun and Laughter for the over 7s. 11am, Croydon Warehouse Theatre, 62 Dingwall Road. Tel. **01-680 4060.**
NOTTINGHAM. National Conference of Labour Campaign for Gay Rights. 11am-5.30pm. Queens Walk Community Centre, Meadows. Tel. **0602-780124.**
LONDON, Thames. Sail down Thames. Steel band, disco, food, bar, 9pm-1am. Westminster Pier, Embankment. £5. Tel. **01-274 3951.**
LONDON SE1. Cuban Celebration. Music, food, drink. Rene Castro, Ken Livingstone. £1 (50p uw). **01-987 5275.**
AYOT ST LAWRENCE, HERTS. 6.30 p.m. today and tomorrow. Shaw Society's Birthday Tribute to GBS (see ad back page).
LONDON W8. 'Towards Solidarity with the Struggles of Poor People in the Third World'. Conference. 10 a.m. Commonwealth Institute, High St, Kensington.
LONDON WC2. Southern African Bazaar. Music, food, crafts, etc. Africa Centre, 38 King St.

SUN 25 JULY

LONDON SW9. Film Benefit for W.A.R. at Ritzy Cinema, Brixton Oval. 12.30pm. Harlan County. Malcolm X. £1 (50p uw). Tel. **01-274 3951.**
CROYDON. Alternative cabaret — Jim Barclay. Mime — Gabi & Chloe. Music — Christopher and Helene, Spynal Chordz. At Warehouse, 62 Dingwall Rd., **01-680 4060.**
LONDON W8. India In Britain Gala Night. Indian Artists and performers in Britain. 7.30pm. Holland Park Open Air Theatre. Tel. **01-794 3665.**

MON 26 JULY

25-29 JULY, LONDON WC2. Films at the Africa Centre on aspects of colonialism and the freedom struggle. 7 p.m. 38 King St.
26-30 JULY, BARLASTON. 'Then and Now — the 1930s and the 1980s.' WEA course making a comparison of the 2 decades using recorded recollections of the 1930s. Wedgewood Memorial College, Staffs. Tel. **Barlaston 2105.**

TUES 27 JULY

27 JULY-12 SEP., BIRMINGHAM. Exhibition — Indian Embroidery from Gujerat and Rajasthan. Demonstrations and lecture. Museum & Art Gallery, Chamberlain Square. Tel. **021-235 2834.** Free.

THURS 29 JULY

LONDON N5. 'Beyond the Falklands' meeting on the consequences of Falklands war. 8 p.m. Central Library, Fieldway Crescent. Tel: **01-633 0133 Ext 22.**

FRI 30 JULY

LONDON WC2. Southern Africa Freedom Concert — JAZIRA. 8.30 p.m. Africa Centre, 38 King St. £3 (u/w £2).
30 JULY-1 AUGUST, NOTTINGHAM. SHELTER's National Conference. 'A Future for Rented Housing', at University of Nottingham. Details from Kate Hewlett, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1. Tel. **01-633 9377 ext 37.**

SAT 31 JULY

31 JULY, MANCHESTER. Workers Against Racism — Dayschool, 4.30pm. Longsight Library, Stockport Rd., Longsight. Tel. **01-274 3951.**
LONDON SW4. 'Marx & Alienation'. P. Lawrence. 7.30 p.m. 52 Clapham High St.
LONDON E9. Big Jumble Sale in aid of Chile Committee For Human Rights. 2 p.m.-4.30 p.m. Chats Palace, 42/44 Brooksby's Walk.

FORTHCOMING

1 AUGUST, CROYDON. Masked Orchestra, Tollygunge, Ian Puleston Davies at Warehouse, 62 Dingwall Rd. £1.50 (£1 uw). Tel. **01-680 4060.**
1 AUGUST, LONDON WC1. An evening with Joan Baez inc. songs, film 'Joan Baez in Latin America' and reception. 7 p.m. Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St. Tickets/details: **01-387 9629.** Proceeds to Humanitas/UK.
2 AUGUST, LONDON W1. 'Boxing in 19th Century.' History Workshop Seminar. 6.45pm, Upstairs at Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place.
2-4 AUGUST, LONDON WC2. Films nightly at 7 p.m. at the Africa Centre, 38 King St.
4-8 AUGUST, LONDON NW1. 'Writers Inc'. TV Comedy Writers in performance. £1.75. 9.30 p.m. York and Albany Theatre Club, 129 Parkway. Tel: **01-387 9541.**
4 AUGUST, LONDON WC1. 'Russia in the Eighties' — Kathleen Williams. Central London Fabian Soc., Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place. 7.30 p.m.
4-11 AUGUST, BERLIN. Second Assembly of The Fourth World (For Small Nations, Small Communities and The Human Spirit). Numerous forums. S.a.e. to: 24 Abercorn Place, London, NW8.
6 AUGUST, GREENOCK. Hiroshima Day Vigil on Lyle Hill overlooking Holy Loch. Tel. **0475-22230.**
7 AUGUST, GREENOCK. Peace March & Rally. From Wellpark to Battery Park. 11am. Tel. **0475 22230.**
8 AUGUST, LONDON SW2. Cherry Tree ceremony to mark anniversaries of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Assemble 11.45. St Matthews' Meeting Place, Brixton Hill. Tel: **01-670 3796.**
11 AUGUST to 17 SEP., BIRMINGHAM. Exhibition — RODIN and his Contemporaries. Includes 'The Thinker'. Museum & Art Gallery, Chamberlain Square. Tel. **021-235 2834.** Free.
18 AUGUST, LONDON SW1. 'Labour and the House of Lords' — Reg Underhill. Central London Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St. 7.30 p.m.
26-27 AUGUST, EDINBURGH. Radio Meeting Challenges: 3rd Annual Edinburgh International Radio Festival. Contact Jamie Jauncey on 0672 810034 or **01-439 9756.**
28 AUGUST, PORTSMOUTH. Radio Victory Free Folk and Caelidh in the Guildhall Square. Features Maddy Prior. Tel. **0705-834184.**
4-8 SEPTEMBER. LONDON to BRIGHTON — Workers March Against Racism from Brick Lane to TUC Conference in Brighton. Details **01-274 3951. W.A.R.**
6 SEPTEMBER, LONDON W1. 'Ladies and Nurses in the Crimean War.' History Workshop Seminar. 6.45pm. Upstairs at the Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place.
25 SEPTEMBER, MANCHESTER. 'Foreign Policy Implications of British Nuclear Disarmament', Dayshool at Withington Adult Education Centre, Mauldeth Rd., M14. 10am-4pm. Details: 59 Tintern Ave., Manchester M20 8ND.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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GBS as novelist
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Use our box number service to safeguard your privacy and you'll only be charged for your ad – saving you £2 per appearance! – throughout July, August and September.

Offer applies only to private lonely hearts adverts in the Personal column, appearing in July, August and September, 1982. See the main heading for rates.

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ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, 45, seeks sincere, intelligent, cultured man with a sense of humour, to share happy times. Oxford. Box 4432.

ATTRACTIVE, EDUCATED, Welsh lady, frequently visiting London, seeks affectionate male companionship, initially. Box 4416.

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COPS GAZETTE names MPs, lawyers, police officers, judges, who aid and abet crime. Please send SAE for your copy to its editor/Parliamentary candidate (Merton-Mitcham, Luton): *Jiten Bardwaj, 23 Chantry Court, Woods Avenue, Hatfield, Herts.*

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GENTLE GUY needed share thoughts/feelings, with mature but appealing lady. London. Box 4407.

GRADUATE WOMAN, school teacher, 43, div., home-loving, seeks unattached, professional man, for caring relationship. Ints: opera, family life, emotional growth. London. Box 4408.

INTRODUCTIONS! Nice Lists! S.a.e. Correspond *Club, 44 Earls Court Road, London W8 6EJ.*

I WISH to make friends with other middle-aged people who live alone and like it. Happy to travel for exchange visits. Box 4352.

LOOKING FOR INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP, exchange, language practice, hospitality, mail order business, etc? Achieve your goal quickly at low *cost. 2 I.R.C's for detail. Asiatic Correspondence* Club, PO Box 1228, Lahore, Pakistan.

MALE LECTURER (35), wishes to share summer holiday, with attractive, intelligent female. Box 4437.

MALE, 31, boring, left-wing, non-smoking technician, seeks female. Objects: Long term companionship, children, mutual lust. Twixt Thames and South Coast. Box 4438.

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QUITE UNTYPICAL professional man, young 42, slightly under the influence of Zen, believes in life before death, seeks lively unpolitical and rather special woman, to share as much as possible. Box 4410.

SENIOR SAILOR, semi-retired, 57, resident with cat, *Lake District, separated, non-smoker, left-wing,* CND etc, seeks congenial 40/50 female companion. Box 4377.

SOUTH MANCHESTER. Two academics in search of female company offer wine and conversation to two ladies, 25-40, who will provide simple fare. Box 4419.

SURREY LECTURER, single, needs very affectionate, 35-55, lady friend. Will telephone replies. Box 4426.

TALL, AFFLUENT, intelligent man, 34, seeks sensuous older and passionate lady aged 35-50, preferably with a room to let for a short period. Discretion absolutely assured. Photo (small) if possible, please. All letters answered. Please write explicitly to Box 4395.

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THIS WEEK'S star prize (half of dinner for two) goes to the attractive, lively male who rescues professional lady, 40s, from Box 4425.

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